THE BOONDOCK SAINTS

an original motion picture screenplay by

Troy Duffy

Registered WGAw
Troy Duffy

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FADE IN

(1) INT. GOTHIC CHURCH - 10:00 A.M. - ST. PATRICK'S DAY - DOWNTOWN BOSTON

As we open we see the inside of an enormous church, heavenly music plays. A young looking PRIEST in his mid-thirties is finishing the delivery of God's Word. In the back of the church, in the last pew, there are two who kneel on the cold, stone floor rather than use the padded knee rail.

They do not stand to sing, nor do they offer signs of peace when told, but they pray. They grip and rub their rosaries which have become polished and worn. They mutter their words in the ancient language of Latin.

CONNOR and MURPHY MacMANUS (mid-twenties) are shrouded in thick waist length navy P-coats, worn leather boots and the hungry clothes of the poor. In keeping with Irish style, the boys heads are shaved and they have facial hair, as well as the strong backs and thick constitutions of the true working class.

MONSIGNOR
(dismissing young priest)
Thank you Father Macklepenny, for coming all the way across town to be our guest speaker today. I hope you found our little parish to your liking.

Macklepenny takes his seat on the altar along side the regular priests of the church. The MacManus brothers suddenly stand, as all others remain seated. Each church goer between them and the aisle shifts his/her position to allow the boys passage, as if on command. The two hit the carpet, turn and begin to stride for the altar, eyes down in quiet determination.

ANNABELLE MacMANUS (V.O.)
(Thick Irish accent)
They've never been like anyone else. From the moment they were born, of the same womb, on the same day, they just had their own way, my boys did. And I always knew that one day they would do something of true greatness. I just never expected they would bring about such a...such a reckoning.

The MacManus brothers are fraternal, not identical, twins. As Annabelle MacManus speaks, Macklepenny is taken aback as he scans the congregation amazed to find that he is the only one who thinks this out of the ordinary. The monsignor simply begins his sermon. Mackelpenny rises to stop the boys from this disgraceful

disturbance.

The elder clergyman seated next to him reaches up and finds his arm bringing him back down to his chair with an assuring look and a shake of his head. Macklepenny's confusion gives way to awe as he watches the brothers step onto the altar, brush by the nine seated priests, and approach the enormous crucifix.

They both fall to their knees and kiss the feet of Christ. They rise and as abruptly as they came, they turn and head back down the aisle for the front door. They stop at the rear of the church, turning to listen to the sermon.

MONSIGNOR (loud, authoritative)
...and I am reminded on this holy day of the sad story of Kitty Genevieve. This poor soul cried out time and time again for help but no person answered her calls. Though many saw, not one so much as called the police. They all just watched as Kitty was being stabbed to death in broad day light. They watched as her assailant wiped the bloody knife off on her lifeless little body. They watched as he simply walked away. Nobody wanted to get involved. Nobody wanted to take a stand...We must fear evil men and deal with them accordingly but what we must truly guard against, what we must fear most (beat) is the indifference of good men.

The MacManuses turn and walk out the door.

(2) EXT. CHURCH STEPS - SUNNY MORNING

The boys put on their dark glasses and pause at the top of the steps to light up their cigarettes. A shadow cuts across their faces, they appear half in the light and half out. They both roll their cigarette butts along their tongues and screw them into their lips. In this unique way they light up, seemingly oblivious to their syncronicity and mimic.

CONNOR (Irish accent)
I do believe the Monsignor has finally got a point.

MURPHY (Irish accent)
Aye.

They leave.

(3) INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT - 4:00 p.m.- SAME DAY

Murphy, wearing a white blood soaked smock and apron stands at the end of a long hallway. He grips a gigantic, bloody slab of meat and has an evil smirk. Connor stands under a "no smoking" sign at the other end of the hall. He wears the same bloody attire. He lights up a smoke and begins to stride down the hall.

He pops the cigarette between his lips as he passes his brother's hiding place. Murphy slaps Connor square in the face with the bloody slab. The meat fully wraps around his head with a smack and falls to the ground. Connor's face and hair are caked with blood as he stands motionless and stunned.

The cigarette previously in his lips is now stuck, smoldering on his cheek. He slaps it away, and a spirited but good humored chase ensues. As they run through the plant, they grab fist fulls of various discarded organs and hurl them at one another. Connor catches Murphy and slams his head through the carcass of a recently disemboweled bovine. Fellow employees dodge the crossfire, as a volley of hamburger and fat fly between the two. All the workers cheer, as if this occurs daily.

They get to the end of the line where their boss, McGERKIN stands next to a very large woman. Her head is clean-shaven and she is pierced and tattooed everywhere. The two are still laughing, out of breath, and covered in bloody debris when they halt before McGerkin.

MURPHY
Hey, McGerkin I heard your mother came this close ta namin' you Jerkin'.

McGERKIN
Fuck you, Murphy.

CONNOR (jovial)
Ya gonna be down at McGinty's defilin' yourself properly like the rest of us tonight?

McGERKIN
Yeah, I'll be there.

MURPHY
Good.

McGERKIN
Boys this is Rozengurtle Baumgartner (Roz.) You'll be training her today and do a good job.

BOTH BOYS
Aye.

CONNOR (wipes hand and extends it)
Pleased ta meet ya Rozie.

Connor sees a noticeable tattoo on her neck that reads "untouched by man"

ROZ.
I prefer to be called Rozengurtle by men.

CONNOR (taken aback)
Okay then...lets get ya started.

Connor exits with Roz.

MURPHY
Christ, that's the largest woman I've ever seen. What's her story?

McGERKIN
Its kind of a self-imposed affirmative action. If we hire big, fat, angry lesbians, then the leftist groups representing big, fat angry lesbians, won't think we're violating their rights.

MURPHY
Well, how politically correct you are. That's good stuff.

McGERKIN
Don't laugh. Those people can shut ya down. They'll sue you into the ground claiming they were put under mental duress, inner pain, and sufferin' and what not.

MURPHY
Well, as long as we're hirin' fat lesbians, give your ma a call.

Murphy laughs as he jogs away.

McGERKIN
Fuck you Murphy.

(4) INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT - CUT STATION - SAME DAY

Rozengurtle and Connor stand in front of a bunch of co-workers who

are cutting meat as it goes by on assembly.

CONNOR
Okay, just cut off as much fat as you can as it goes by and the rule of thumb here is...

ROZ
Rule of thumb?

CONNOR (questioningly)
Yeah?

ROZ
Do you know where that term comes from?

CONNOR
No.

ROZ
In the early 1900's it was legal for men to beat their wives as long as they used a stick no broader than their thumb.

Connor holds up his thumb and stares at it.

CONNOR
Can't do much damage with that. Perhaps, it shoulda been the rule of wrist. Ha!

She returns an icy stare. He hands her the knife. The co-workers all seem wary of Roz.

CONNOR
Go ahead. I'll check up on you later.

(5) INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT - SAME DAY

Murphy stands on one side of Roz, Connor on the other, surrounded by a tight group of workers. Everyone is within ear shot of one another, cutting meat as it goes by.

MURPHY
Hey Connor?

CONNOR
Aye.

MURPHY (nonchalantly)
How many male chauvinists does it take ta screw in a light bulb?

CONNOR
How many?

MURPHY
Fuck it, let the bitch do the laundry in the dark.

Everyone laughs with the exception of Rozengurtle who stares blankly ahead in anger bringing everyone's enjoyment to a halt. Connor is a bit annoyed at that.

CONNOR(slight smirk)
How many feminists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

The faces of the co-workers show that they sense the imminent storm.

MURPHY
How many?

CONNOR
Two. One ta screw it in and one ta suck my dick.

Everyone bursts out laughing. Rozengurtle jabs a knife in a piece of meat and turns to Connor. She pushes him and starts walking toward him. He starts backing up, laughing.

ROZ (angry)
I knew it! I knew you two pricks would give me problems. Try and give me shit 'cause I'm a woman. I'm not gonna take your male dominance bullshit!

CONNOR
(trying to calm her, but still chuckling)
Oh, come on now Rozengurtle. We were just tryin' ta get a rise outta ya.

MURPHY (peripherally located)
Yeah. Just tryin' ta break the ice is all.

ROZ
Fuck you (to Murphy), and

(cont'd)
fuck you. (to Connor)

MURPHY
Oh, come on it's St. Patty's Day.
It's all in good fun.

Employees gather around all the excitement.

ROZ.
St. Patty's Day? Baumgartner
sound Irish to you?

CONNOR
Now look Rozengurtle we're sorry.
We didn't mean anything by it.
Just relax.

She reaches back and punches Connor full force in the face. He takes the hit very well. He stops backing up.

CONNOR
Now you've put me in an awkward
position here, Rozie. If I was ta
let ya beat on me, all my friends
would call me a pussy for gettin'
beat by a girl, though you are a
very large and frightening *woman*.
If I were ta beat on you they'd
call me a fairy for hittin' a girl.
So ya see there's no way I could
come outta this smilin'. Now you're
going ta have ta save all your
aggression for protests and
marches and what not.

She suddenly drives her boot into his crotch, sending him to the floor reeling with pain. Two female co-workers leap to his aid.

ROZ
You two fuckin' slaves. Always
kowtowing to the needs of men.
Get up! Get the fuck up!
Leave him there.

Rozengurtle begins to turn, raising her fist to Murphy and says "now it's your turn," but before she makes contact, he winds up and punches her square in the face. She sails backwards, landing on her back. The on-lookers are stunned as he walks over and stands above her.

MURPHY
Guess you'll have ta change
that tattoo now, wont ya Rozie!?

(6) INT. STAIRWELL - MacMANUS TENEMENT APT - BUILDING-NIGHT

Hands and faces still crusted with blood, the brothers are making their way up the dark stairs to their fifth floor single room apartment. Connor is moving slowly, stiff-legged and hunched over. Murphy occasionally helps his brother up the decrepit stairway, his face giving way to the humor of the situation.

CONNOR
When's that cheap fuck gonna
fix the elevator? My balls are
on fire.

MURPHY
Tomorrow. (beat) I hope Rozie
hasn't ruined your opinion of
lesbians.

CONNOR
Hell no. If I was a woman I'd be
a lesbian. Nothing wrong with it.
I just like it better when they're
good lookin'.

They both chuckle as they reach the top of the stairs and flick their cigarette butts out the large open bay window at the end of the hall. The windows open outward painting a perfect picture of deprivation. The red brick buildings stretch down the alley both ways.

The alley floor is stacked high on both sides with trash. The glowing butts fall to a filthy resting place, directly next to a dented green dumpster with half the paint job scraped off. They reach their apartment, number 506.

(7) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The stained walls compliment the cigarette burned coffee table. The translucent filth on the windows casts a dingy glow on the worn green carpet that has been half ripped out by hand, exposing the dilapidated floor boards below. The only things that are pristine are their rosaries, which hang by the door. Connor sits naked on the couch and gently places a bag of ice on his crotch.

(8) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

Murphy turns on the shower and sticks his hand in the streaming water as he disrobes. A disturbed look takes over his face, as he

slides open the cracked glass shower door. He cranks the faucet marked "H" all the way.

(9) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY EVENING

Connor, still seated, cracks open a Guiness and sips it lovingly. The phone rings.

CONNOR
Hello.

MOM (ANNABELLE MacMANUS)(V.O.)
Connor, is that you?

Something is obviously wrong. Her voice reveals a terrible anger and depression.

CONNOR (interested)
Mother, is that you?

MOM (V.O.)
Is that worthless brother of yours there? I want you both ta hear this.

CONNOR
Ma, what's wrong?

Murphy is standing in the bathroom doorway with a towel wrapped around his waist.

MURPHY
No fuckin' hot water man. That...

CONNOR
Shut it. It's Ma.

Murphy sees the concern in Connor's eyes and takes a step closer.

MOM (V.O.)
It's all your fault. Both you little bastards. I was a fool to believe you would bring me any peace. The day your Da died when you were just a few months old, he said the two of you would do me right and make me proud, but he was wrong and I got nothin' ta live for.

CONNOR
Mother, what are you sayin'? You're talkin' crazy here.

Murphy is drawing closer with concern.

MURPHY
What's the matter with her?

(10) INT. ANNABELLE MacMANUS' HOUSE - IRELAND - NIGHT

A wrinkly female hand grabs a large revolver resting next to a half empty bottle of Hennessey.

MOM
I got your Da's army revolver here, Connor.

(11) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - NIGHT

CONNOR
Da's gun? What the hell are you doin' with that!?

MURPHY (widening eyes)
What the...?

MOM (V.O.)
I got it ta my head now.

CONNOR
What?! What are you doin'?

MOM (V.O.)
I want ta tell ya one last thing before I pull the trigger.

CONNOR (screaming)
Pull the trigger?! Have ya lost it woman?! Now just calm down here.

MURPHY (eyes widen)
Oh my god!

MOM (V.O.)
I...

CONNOR
No ma! No!

MOM (V.O.)
BLAME...

CONNOR
Oh Jesus, No! No!

MURPHY
Oh God! No Ma! Nooo!

MOM (V.O.)
YOU...!

Connor and Murphy are both screaming in panic.

(12) EXT. ANNABELLE MacMANUS' BACK STOOP - NIGHT

Mom stands on the back stoop holding the door ajar with her hip. She holds the phone receiver up in her left hand and the gun directly next to it, in her right. She squeezes off a loud shot toward the heavens.

(13) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - NIGHT

As soon as the deafening sound pierces through the receiver, Connor instinctively jumps up to a standing position. The bag of ice bursts as it hits the floor and spreads across it. He throws the receiver and covers his ears with both hands.

The phone then falls to the ground, skipping through the cubes as the boys dive for it screaming. Murphy's towel comes off as he dives. The two naked, hysterical boys fumble for the phone, flailing on their stomachs in the field of ice. They finally catch it and both put their ears to the receiver in panic. As they scream "MA" intermittently, the pauses get longer and longer.

(14) INT. ANNABELLE MacMANUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom's got her hand covering her mouth, face red from holding back laughter, as she walks back into the house. She can take it no longer and she bursts out with hearty guffaws. Boys are relieved, but angry.

(15) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(16) INT. ANNABELLE MacMANUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

(coverage of this scene will be shot in both places)

CONNOR (grabs his balls, rolls over)
Aaaww, shit!... evil woman!

MURPHY (absorbing situation)
Lord have mercy. That was a good one ma.

MOM
(still bellowing, imitating the boys)
"Oh, Jesus! No ma! No!. Christ ma! No! No! No!"

Murphy holds the receiver in the air. Mom's still laughing. Connor nursing his privates.

MURPHY (to Connor)
Oh, she's very proud of herself.

MOM (semi-gaining control)
Okay, seriously, both you listen ta me now.

They both put an ear to the phone.

CONNOR
All right, we're both here.

Mom pauses and cackles endlessly once again.

MOM (finally)
It's only 11:00 here boys so I got lots more drinkin' ta do with your worthless rel ives down at the Anvil.

MURPHY
Just called ta torture us did ya?

CONNOR
The Anvil, eh? How's Uncle Sibeal?

MOM
Well, you know how it is with him. Always complainin' he's never turnin' a profit on St. Patty's. Whole damn family goes down there with no money, 'cause we know he can't bear ta charge us.

They all laugh.

MOM
But he's been havin' himself a nip or two as well...Been up the waitress' skirt all night, poor girl.

MURPHY
Well you tell him ta take it easy

(cont'd)
with that. He's gotta learn ta respect women the way Connor does.

CONNOR
Oh, Jesus.

MURPHY
I gave him his first lesson in sensitivity toward the fairer sex just today.

CONNOR
Don't even do it, ya bastard.

MURPHY
He got beat up by a girl. (laughs)

CONNOR
If that was a girl I want ta see some papers. She had ta be just preoperative for Christ sakes.

MOM
What did you do, Connor?

CONNOR
Well, we tried ta make friends with a man hater and she gave me a shot ta the nuts.

MOM (aghast)
Wha...the dirty bitch. I hope ya trounced her a good one!

CONNOR
Well, I didn't but...

MURPHY (shaking his fist)
Don't worry, I respected the hell out of her for ya, Ma.

MOM (after laughing)
Well listen, I just called ta tell ya no fightin' tonight. I know how my boys take ta scrappin' when they take ta drinkin'.

BOTH (semi-condescending)
Yes mother.

MOM (light hearted anger)
I mean it now. I carried the two of you little bastards around in my belly at the same time for nine months. Ya ruined my girlish figure in one fell swoop, and then ya sucked me dry. (grabbing her own breast) My tits are saggin' down ta my ankles. I trip over 'em for Christ sakes, now ya listen ta me, NO FIGHTIN'

They boys laugh.

MURPHY
What about open handed bitch slapping? Is that okay?

CONNOR
Yeah, can we throw intimidating glances?

The boys laugh.

MOM
Promise me boys.

MURPHY
We promise.

CONNOR
Yeah, we promise.

MOM
Well, there's my boys. (pulls back curtain, looks out window) Shit. I gotta go. Looks like I caused a ruckus with that shot. Half the damn neighborhood is comin'.

MURPHY
All right, love ya ma. Listen, before ya go just give us the juice. We're ready for the juice.

CONNOR
Yeah. Its been twenty-four years.

MOM
Still bickerin' over that, huh?

CONNOR
Come on, ma. Out with it. Who came out first?

MOM
All right, I suppose you have the right ta know.

The boys stand shoulder to shoulder, naked. They peer into the distance, ears to the phone, awaiting this most important information.

MOM
Are you ready?

BOTH
Aye.

Slight pause as mom slams a shot of Hennessey.

MOM (yells)
The one with the bigger cock!

Mom slams down the phone and lets out a throaty laugh. The boys sigh angrily. Connor walks over and hangs up the phone.

CONNOR
Crazy woman.

When he turns, he notices Murphy is fixated on his brother's crotch. A triumphant smile spreads across his face.

CONNOR
Don't even start. I've had ice on mine.

(17) EXT. AN ALLEY - MORNING.

PAUL SMECKER, F.B.I. agent, is lead by the Boston Chief of Police through a jungle of ravenous reporters, police lines and uniformed officers. He is impeccably dressed in a deep red suit, black shirt, and a silk tie. His anxious smile suggests confidence as he walks. He is a very good-looking, slender man.

He is obviously a homosexual but not overly effeminant. He looks intently, for a moment, at four uniformed officers. They approach two dead bodies, laying next to a dented green dumpster with half the paint job scraped off.

One man, IVAN CHECKOV, lays on his stomach, closer to the dumpster than the other. His pants bulge as if filled with something around his buttocks. White cotton reveals itself haphazardly around his

waist line.

The other, VLADDY, has a blood soaked bandage around his head and is on his stomach as well. There are hundreds of pieces of porcelain of various sizes everywhere. Four plain-clothed homicide detectives, WALKER, DUFFY and DOLLY hover close to the bodies all listening to one rookie named GREENLY give his over-confident theory of what took place.

The Chief is about to interrupt them, but Paul holds him back with a smile. The two wait and watch in a position, where the unsuspecting detectives have their backs to them.

GREENLY (thick Boston accent)
...so these guys go for it, right. They're just kickin' the shit out of each other. This guy (points to Vladdy) picks up an old kitchen sink that some one threw out and crushes this guy (Checkov) with it. All right, so it makes a big bang and alerts their friend, who's standin' look out around the corner. So he comes over and gets into it with this guy, (Vladdy). He's angry at him, right? "Oh, shit" he says "you were just supposed to scrap a little and settle your differences, not kill him you bastard!" They get into an altercation in which the look out guy crushes this guy by jumpin on him. And look at the damage here (Vladdy). I mean this guy's fuckin' hamburger man. His spine is crushed. He's all twisted and shit. That guy had to be one big mother fucker. Huge, 3-400 pounds, fuckin' huge.

Smecker rubs his forehead with his fingers which hold a smoldering cigarette. The Chief is embarrassed.

GREENLY
Or, okay. Check this out. Say these two don't even know the huge guy. They're just staggerin home from a bar this morning, still all fucked up from St. Patty's last night. So they figure they'll take a short cut down the alley and this big mother fucker, he's just waitin'. And what could be more perfect for strong arm robbery? Two drunk guys all bandaged up. They're already injured for Christ sakes. He takes a blunt

(cont'd)
object and whacks the guy with the bandage on his head, right? Cause he's smart. He knows the guy with the bandage on his ass, he ain't going nowhere. Matter of fact, this guy's probably helping his friend with the rectal problem along. They're limping around like a couple of decrepit old broads. So once this guy's out of the picture (denotes Vladdy) this poor asshole, he tries to run. But look how far he gets 'fore the huge bastard catches up with him. Only a few yards. And what does he do? He gets creative. He picks up a sink and crushes the poor mother-fucker. Then, he ain't done yet. He comes over here, jumps on this guy's back and crushes him to death (Vladdy). He steals their shit and beats it. And look at this print...

Greenly points out a large foot print on Vladdy's back. Some detectives nod in agreement.Smecker chuckles as he shakes his head.

GREENLY
That's one big fuckin' shoe!..and think about it. Of all the ways to kill a guy, crushin' him to death. That's very particular. You don't get many of those. I dunno. I feel something big here. I wouldn't be surprised if we see more of these turning up.

SMECKER (steps into the open)
Brilliant. So now we got a "Huge guy" theory and "Serial crusher" theory. (turns to Chief) Top notch, top fucking notch. (to Greenly) What's your name?

GREENLY
Detective Greenly. Who the fuck are you?

Smecker saunters up to Greenly and pulls his I.D. out of the breast pocket of his sport coat and lets it hang. The large, light blue letters, "F.B.I." can be easily seen.

SMECKER
That's who the fuck I am.

All the detectives seem disgruntled and look to the Chief for an explanation.

CHIEF
Listen, I gotta go by the numbers on this one. I.D. just came back on these guys. They've got connections to the Russian mob. That makes it a federal matter and Agent Smecker, here, is heading up the investigation with our full cooperation.

SMECKER (transfixed on Greenly)
Why don't you get me a cup of coffee.

GREENLY
What the fuck?

SMECKER
Cafe latte.

GREENLY
Who the...

SMECKER
Twist of lemon!

GREENLY (to Chief)
Chief, what the fuck is this?

SMECKER
Sweet-n-low!

Greenly looks helplessly to the Chief, who simply nods. He storms off the scene, upset. Smecker lights up a smoke and begins to investigate. He kneels at the bodies for a moment then stares at the opposite brick wall. He picks up a piece of porcelain and scrapes it with his thumb.

He quickly cocks his head toward the sky and begins to chuckle as he says "Jesus Christ," under his breath. He brushes some paraffin on each of the dead mens hands. Duffy, Dolly and Walker watch defiantly. They all start to smile at one another as they collectively realize his homosexuality.

SMECKER (loudly)
Newman, Langley.

Two uniformed officers, who are keeping the press out at the

nearby police lines, spin around in surprise and quickly approach Smecker.

NEWMAN
Yes sir.

SMECKER
Find the manager of this building. See if he has had any complaints of water coming down in any apartments, starting just this morning. If he's not there, knock on every door starting from the third floor up. Langley, you take this building, same thing.

Newman and Langley exit.

SMECKER
Chaffey, Mitchell.

Two more uniforms approach.

CHAFFEY
Yes sir.

SMECKER (to Chaffey)
Look very carefully in the garbage around their hands. See if you can find me two bullet casings. 45's, if my eye serves me right. Don't disturb them. Mark them as they lay. Mitchell, root through this shit. (points to the mountain of garbage) If this was a sink find me some metal parts. Gimme a faucet or a drain cover or something.

The two begin their tasks. Chaffey finds a casing near Checkov's hand, hidden under the edge of the pile.

CHAFFEY
Got it. It's a 45.

The homicide detectives are surprised as Chaffey looks for the second shell.

SMECKER
Chief, could you get ballistics down here and tell them they have to dig a 45 slug out of a brick wall (points to a new hole in the tattered opposite wall) and locate another

(cont'd)
that's been fired through a dumpster. (points to a hole near the bottom of the dumpster)

CHIEF
I got the best ballistics guy in the world. He's mobile. Got all his stuff right in the van. Can have him down here in 10 minutes.

WALKER
How did you know that?

SMECKER
Paraffin came up positive. And bullet holes are usually a big clue.

CHAFFEY
I can't find the second one, sir.

SMECKER
Look under the body.

CHAFFEY (obeys)
Got it.

Smecker turns to detectives with a smirk.

SMECKER
You guys ready for this?

They all nod.

SMECKER
This was no gangland assassination. Though creative, it was way too sloppy. Something went wrong here. This has "personal" written all over it. Now, these men *were* crushed and the first natural reaction the body has to such trauma is to tense up. So now the two shots fired here were reflex rounds. These guys weren't shooting *at* anything, but they were just about to.

Newman returns.

NEWMAN
Agent Smecker, the manager said the lady in 406 has got water dripping

(cont'd)
down on her whole place. Started just this morning. Says he hasn't checked it out yet, 'cause of this situation in the alley here.

SMECKER
All right, 506 is the one we want then. Let's go up and see just how right I am.

(18) INT. MacMANUS APT. BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - MORNING.

The detectives pile into the elevator, Smecker last.

WALKER
So what are you thinkin' here? What's your theory?

SMECKER
Really want to know?

All the detectives chant the affirmative. The doors close.

(19) INT. MacMANUS APT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR - FIFTH FLOOR - MORNING

As the doors open, all the detectives chorus their disbelief.

DUFFY
No way. You know how big a guy's gotta be to do that? Fuckin' huge.

Smecker turns to Duffy in disbelief.

SMECKER
(Beat) Oooo. I might just be wanting a bagel with my coffee.

Smecker exits the elevator leaving the three silent detectives with that thought.

DUFFY (to Walker)
I ain't gettin' him no fuckin' bagel.

(20) INT. MacMANUS APT - BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

They follow Smecker down the hall. They can see water soaking the carpet in the hall in front of 506. The broken door is partially off the hinges and wide open.

(21) INT. MacMANUS DOORWAY - INSIDE APT - LOOKING OUT TO HALL -

Smecker appears first, glancing in momentarily. The detectives pile in behind him. They survey the situation in total awe.

SMECKER (to Duffy)
And we'll start the ass kissing with you.

(22) EXT. MacMANUS APT. BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - MORNING.

Smecker saunters out, detectives on his heels.

NEWMAN (approaches Smecker)
Agent Smecker. I Just got done talking to some neighbors. There's a bar called "McGinty's" down the block. It's a good bet they were there last night.

SMECKER
Good work, Newman. I'll check that out myself.(turns to detectives)

Duffy starts walking down the street still miffed. A reporter is hot on his heels.

REPORTER
Hey, Duffy. I'm cashing in my favor man. You owe me and this is the one I want. I want this story. What the fuck happened here?

DUFFY
Let's go get a cup of coffee. You ain't gonna fuckin' believe this one.

Smecker is standing on the front steps in front of uniformed officers and homicide detectives.

SMECKER
Let's get on these two. I want A.P.B.'s put out. I want more uniforms on the streets. One thing's for sure, wherever these guys are they're hurting.

(23) INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A potent song takes our ears as The MacManus brothers sit in the E.R. They have already received care. Their faces are beaten and there are bandages and dried blood in various spots. Connor's injuries exceed Murphy's. His wrists, shoulder, and head are surrounded by gauze and cotton. They are both clad in only their leather boots, boxer shorts and worn out old bathrobes. The

pockets of Murphy's robe hang heavy as if filled with something.

Young kids wait for medical attention, as their knife wounds bleed. Two nuns in the corner console a third, whose robes are ripped and face is beaten. A woman toward the end of the hall is so badly beaten she is unrecognizable.

As the song builds to a more harrowing chorus, a man enters. His clothes suggest he's a PIMP. He is not injured. He looks around as he stands, perturbed, at the end of the hall. He reaches over and grabs the beat up woman by the hair and begins to drag her out. She is kicking and screaming from the floor, grabbing at his wrists as he hauls her away.

PIMP (yelling)
Who the fuck told you, you could leave, bitch?

(slo-mo) The boys, instantly furious, stand and begin to go toward the action, but Connor's legs give out on him and he falls to the floor. Connor, still trying to go after the pimp, crawls towards him. Murphy helps his brother to his chair and holds him tight.

MURPHY
Okay, okay. Just calm down. Take it easy. He'll have his day. He'll have his (turns) FUCKIN' DAY!

Music fades

(24) INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - FEW MINUTES LATER

An old Irishman enters the E.R. (Carole O'Connor-esque). DOC has a serious facial twitch and is prone to blinking uncontrollably. He has a mild stutter. He also has Tourette's Syndrome and is apt to yell his two chosen swear words every now and then, first "Fuck!" and after a slight pause, "Ass!". He rushes up as they stand to greet him. Murphy is holding Connor up.

MURPHY
Thanks for comin', Doc.

DOC(Irish accent, squeaky voice)
J-Jesus. What the fuck happened? Are ya b-boys all right?

CONNOR
We're alive.

DOC
An F.B.I agent came by the bar.

He left me his c-c, he left me
his card.

He hands them a card with Smecker's name on it. They survey it with interest.

DOC (extremely loud)
Fuck!.....Ass!

Everyone in the E.R. looks at Doc in shock. Connor and Murphy don't even avert their eyes from the card.

DOC
What are you going to do?

CONNOR
We're going to turn ourselves in.
It was self defense.

DOC
Y-y-yeah that's what he said.

MURPHY
How the fuck's he know that? We
haven't spoken to anyone yet.

DOC
Don't know. He d. 'n't say.

The boys look puzzled. Murphy helps Connor down to his seat.

MURPHY
Listen Doc, we need a favor.

DOC
A-anything.

Murphy starts to unload the contents of his bulging pockets into Doc's hands: two guns, several rolls of 100 dollar bills and some rings and gold watches. Doc is surprised but says nothing as he puts them in his jacket.

CONNOR
Hold this shit for us, Doc. We'll
be comin' back for it when we get
out.

DOC
Right.

Doc exits, saying one more "Fuck,...Ass", on the way out.

(25) INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The station is abuzz with the story. Connor and Murphy's names are on all tongues. A legend starts. Smecker steps to the podium in the conference room. He has every available officer in the room along with the homicide detectives in the front row.

SMECKER
First of all, I'd like to thank whichever one of you donut munching, barrel assed dip shits leaked this to the press. That's just what we need now, some sensational story in the papers making these guys out to be super heroes, triumphing over evil. And let me squash the rumors now. These two aren't phantoms or ghosts. (rolls his eyes) They are two ordinary men who were put in an extraordinary situation and they just happened to come out on top. Yes, nothing from our far reaching computer system has turned up jack shit on these two. All we know is what we found out from their neighbors. And the general consensus is that they're...angels. (pause) But angels don't kill and we got two bodies in the morgue that look like they've been...(looks to Greenly, seated in the front, his voice dripping dripping with sarcasm.) ..serial crushed by a huge fuckin' guy.

Some of the cops and homicide detectives laugh and chide Greenly.

SMECKER
Now, their descriptions have been posted. If you see them, (sarcastic) arrest them. And do me a favor, don't stop by the newspapers on your way back to the station.

NEWMAN
Are these men considered armed and dangerous?

SMECKER
Well, not armed. If they had guns, they'd have probably used them. But dangerous? Oh yeah.

LANGLEY
What makes you think they're dangerous? They were just protecting each other.

(26) EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION STEPS - DAY

The two are limping up the precinct stairs. Connor is draped over Murphy who helps his brother along, they are still attired as in the E.R.

(27) INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is mostly empty because of Smecker's meeting. They approach the front desk where Officer Maria Rodriguez is busy with paper work.

MURPHY
Hello there. We need to see this man.

He places Smecker's card on her desk. She reads it. She does not look up.

MARIA
He's in a meeting right now so...
(looks up, taken aback) Who are you?

MURPHY
You've probably been looking for us, name's MacManus.

MARIA (shocked)
Holy shit.

She begins to help with Connor as she leads them down the hall.

(28) INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SMECKER
Look, look! I'm not saying one way or the other. Just be careful and go by the protocol on this one.

OFFICER O'MALLY (beat cop, late 50's)
Any tips on where guys like these may be?

SMECKER (to officer Mitchell)
Any word back from the E.R.'s?

MITCHELL
No help at all. Totally swamped from

(cont'd)
St. Patty's. All packed with drunk, bloody Irish.

SMECKER
Just hit the bricks nice and hard. Grunt police work is going to bring this one in.

GREENLY (talking loudly)
These guys are miles away by now.

The brothers quietly enter with Maria in the back of the room. All the officers are seated with their backs to them. Smecker and the brothers make eye contact. He knows who they are. Maria doesn't interrupt Greenly.

GREENLY
But if you want to beat your head against a wall, then here's what you look for. These guys are scared like two little bunny rabbits. Anything in a uniform or flashing blue lights will spook them. Look for runners. Their going underground for sure. Back in their little holes. So the only thing we can do is put a potato on a string and drag it through South Boston.

There is light chuckling from the police at this crack.

MURPHY (loud)
You'd probably have better luck with a beer.

Everyone turns and looks.

(29) INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BOSTON POLICE STATION - DAY

The boys sit in two chairs at a plain table with a recording device on it. They are very serious and alert. An officer enters with coffee for them. He shakes their hands and says he really respects what they did. Surprised, they thank him. Chaffey enters with donuts and a repeat performance of respect. Slowly officers start to gather around the interrogation room door.

(30) INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-BOSTON POLICE STATION - DAY LATER

There are at least 20 officers and detectives packed in the tiny room listening to Murphy and Connor finish up a joke. They are in high spirits.

MURPHY
So the leprechaun is standin' on the toilet, fuckin' this poor guy in the ass. He says to him "So, how old are ya, Bob." Bob says (to Connor)

CONNOR
(hoarse, as if getting it in the ass) "I'm 43. Now, could you please finish up? I want my wish." And the leprechaun says ta him...

MURPHY (pantomiming humping)
"43, Bob...little old ta be believin' in leprechauns, don't ya think?"

The room erupts with laughter as Smecker walks in.

SMECKER
What the fuck is this!? This isn't a fuckin' tea party. Get out! Only thing I want in here is them and two uniforms.

They all file out, except for two uniformed officers who stay in the corners. Smecker and the boys look each other over.

SMECKER
This conversation is going to be recorded. Just answer to the best of your knowledge.

Smecker reaches for the record button. Murphy puts out his hand to stop him.

MURPHY (politely)
Excuse me, sir.

Murphy turns to his brother and speaks in Latin, in hushed tones. It is subtitled in English.

MURPHY (Latin)
Quid ei de tormentis et peuniadicimus
(What do we tell him about the guns and money?)

CONNOR (Latin)
Surreximus et aiscessimus, mendicus eos despoliavit ante adventum vigilum.
(We just got up and left. Bum must

(cont'd)
have rolled them before the police got there.)

MURPHY (to Smecker)
Okay. We're ready.

Smecker is intrigued with this tiny display. He hits the record button.

SMECKER (softer)
You guys are not under oath, here. I am assuming you two knew these two guys from before, huh?

CONNOR
We...met them last night.

SMECKER
They had some pretty interesting bandages. Know anything about that?

They look at each other.

(31) FLASHBACK. INT-McGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT - ST. PATRICK'S DAY

McGinty's is packed to the walls with drunken Irish. A lot of faces are recognizable from Noland's Meat. Connor is in front of the bar. He and Doc are staring at each other as if waiting for one man to give in.

Connor has his arms across the chests of some of his friends, holding them in place. They are interested in the competition. Murphy saunters up and asks McGerkin what's going on.

McGERKIN (drunk, whispering)
He says he's got Doc's rhythms down, got it timed just right. He knows when he's gonna pop off.

CONNOR
(presently, imitating Doc's voice)
Would someone please come over here and...

DOC
Fuck!

CONNOR
me up the ...

DOC
Ass!

Everyone falls down laughing. Doc is angry and starts throwing ice at them. DAVID DELLA ROCCO makes his way through the crowd. "Rocco" as everyone calls him, is a thirty-two year old package boy for the local Boston Mob.

He has shoulder-length, dark hair and a full beard and mustache that wrap around his big smile and kind face. He is a funny guy with a big heart. He is also working-class, like the MacManus brothers and he is their best friend. He charges up to the bar and yells to Doc.

ROCCO
Fuck! Ass! Get me a beer!

This sends everyone even further into laughter. Doc throws two huge fists full of ice at him. He backs away laughing. The boys get up off the floor and have a huge group hug with Rocco as they all scream each other's names.

MURPHY (imitating Italian N.Y. accent)
Hey, goomba! How many guys you whack today?

ROCCO (jovial)
I delivered the shit outta them packages today, baby. Always climbing the corporate ladder.

MURPHY
How long you been runnin' numbers for Yakavetta anyway?

ROCCO
I don't want to talk about it.

CONNOR
Oh yeah. Your gonna get made any day now.

MURPHY
A dead end job with the mob.

They all laugh and commence drinking.

(32) INT. McGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT

The bar is trashed. It's mostly empty now except for the brothers, Rocco, Doc and seven friends; McGERKIN, JOE HANLEY, LAZLO, SHAMUS, O'CONDRAN, HAPPY and DOOLEY. Everyone is very drunk, including Doc.

ROCCO (trying to connect with Connor)
...It's not that I'm homophobic.
I'm just afraid of faggots.

Connor pauses then bursts out laughing. Doc calls everyone to gather round.

DOC
I got some bad news. Looks like I'm gonna have ta close d-down the bar. The Russians have been buying up buildings all over town, including this one...Fuck!...Ass! and they're not letting me renew my lease. I got 'til the end of the week. If I don't come up with 26,000 dollars, they take the place. I left them a note telling them not to show their faces t-tonight. They been pressuring me ta close and take the last few days ta get all my shit outta here but it's my right to stay open ta the last.

Long pause as everyone absorbs. They are upset.

ROCCO
Let me talk to my boss, maybe I can...

He is cut off by everyone who obviously opposes Mafia involvement.

DOC
L-l-listen I don't want anyone ta know until the last possible moment. So you guys keep your traps shut. Ya know what they say; "People in glass houses sink ships".

Everyone has quizzical looks on their faces.

ROCCO
Y'know Doc, I gotta get you a, a, like a proverb book or something. This mix and match shit's gotta go.

DOC
What?

Everyone chuckles.

CONNOR (imitating Doc)
"A p-penny saved is worth two in the bush."

MURPHY (imitating Doc)
"Don't c-cross the road if ya
can't get out of the kitchen."

Everyone laughs heartily. Just then,three large Russians in suits enter. The obvious leader, CHECKOV, stands in front with VLADDY behind one of Checkov's shoulders, with another guy behind the other shoulder. They mean business. The laughter fades.

CHECKOV (thick Russian accent)
I am Ivan Checkov. You will be
closing now.

MURPHY (after a long pause)
This is McCoy..we find Spock and
we got enough for an away team.

Everyone laughs. Ivan's angry.

CHECKOV
Oh, how extraordinary. A bunch of
Irishmen...and they are being
drunken idiots. You are killing
the stereotype. I'm in no mood for
discussion. (points to Doc) You!
You stay. The rest of you go now.

DOC
Why don't you make like a tree and
get the fuck outta here!

The locals roll their eyes at Doc's blunder.

CONNOR
Calm down, Doc. I'm sure they're
reasonable fellows.

He and Murphy each grab a Guiness and a shot of Hennessey and they approach the Russians with the peace offering.

CONNOR
Listen fellas, Y'know he's got
'til the weeks end. Ya don't have
ta be hard asses, do ya?

MURPHY
Yeah, It's St. Patty's day.
Everyone's Irish tanight. Now, why
don't ya pull up a stool and have
a drink with us?

CHECKOV
You insult me. I would never drink that sewage. Especially with you people. You are scum.

Checkov slaps the beer to the floor.

CHECKOV
This is no game! If you won't go, we will make you go!

The boys look at each other, remembering what Mom said. They still hold the shots.

CONNOR
If ya want a fight, you can see you're outnumbered. We're trying ta be civil here, so I suggest you take our offer.

CHECKOV
I am making the offers, ass-hole.

Rocco pushes off the bar. He's had enough.

ROCCO
(standing between the two brothers)
Hey, there Boris. What would you say if I told you that your pinko, commie mother sucked so much dick...

Wham! Ivan punches him in the face. He is quickly down and out. Connor and Murphy's faces turn to stone as they speak the next few lines in flawless fluent Russian with English subtitles.

CONNOR (in Russian)
Hy, He dgino He mak kyrmupHo, npabur HO?
(Now, that wasn't too polite, was it?)

MURPHY (in Russian)
UzbuHume, HO npogorskam HebozMock HO, Uban.
(I'm afraid we can't let that one go, Ivan.)

Checkov is completely taken aback. All the Irish are fairly impressed as well. McGinty's expression, however, is one of knowing.

CONNOR
I don't think Ma would mind.

They clink the glasses together, throw back the Hennessey, ball up the thick glasses in their fists, drop to one knee and both

deliver a devastating blow to each of Checkov's quads. Murphy on the left, Connor on the right. He's down for the count, writhing on the floor.

The boys each take a Russian guy and start fighting as the others start kicking and spitting on Checkov. This is a bar brawl, lots of punches don't connect. Connor dismantles his man quickly, but still takes a few shots in the face. Murphy is still fighting as all the Irish try to jump in and help Murphy but Connor goes into psycho mode, pushing them all back.

CONNOR
Let the boy go. He knows what the fuck he's doing!

They all back off and start to cheer him on. Murphy and Vladdy are ripping each other apart. Vladdy backs him against a wall and pulls back, exhausted, for one good punch. Murphy reaches up behind his head with both hands and pulls two bottles of wine from a wall rack.

He swings them toward each other with Vladdy's head as the mid-point. The bottles haphazardly connect, one on each side of his head in the midst of arms and elbows. He crumples to the ground in an explosion of glass and wine. There is shock and silence.

CONNOR (drunk and staggering)
Nicely done, boy!

(33) INT. McGINTY'S PUB - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They have Ivan Checkov tied down to the bar on his stomach. Connor stands with an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips next to Ivan. He pours Hennessey all over Checkov's buttocks. They all cheer. Ivan's face is battered as Rocco wakes and approaches.

ROCCO
You crack piping, motherless...

He punches Checkov in the face in complete rage. Happy and Dooley subdue him as all chuckle.

CONNOR
Now, like my fine brother says, "On St. Patty's everyone's Irish." And this piece of shit is about to be initiated.

As they cheer, Connor lights up his smoke and tosses the match on Ivan's butt. The Hennessey is instantly ablaze and Checkov is screaming and wiggling in horror. Some just stand there stunned, but most of the remaining onlookers leap to Ivan's aid. They

furiously pat him out and turn on Connor.

HAPPY
Are ya mad, man?!

McGERKIN (pushes Connor, he pushes back)
Are ya tryin' ta kill him, ya fuck?

(34) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Connor and Murphy, fairly beat up, sit up on their beds. They wear tattered bathrobes and boxer shorts. They put their feet down into the unlaced leather boots by their beds, rather than touch the cold floor. The boys examine the extent of one another's injuries and reflect on their hangovers.

MURPHY
You believe that Checkov, asshole?

CONNOR
That guy really burned my ass.

They both laugh and grab their heads in pain. Boom! The door breaks open and in hobbles Checkov and Vladdy, guns drawn. Checkov is all beat up and has a bandage puffing his pants out at the rear. The white cotton reveals itself haphazardly around his waist. Vladdy has a large bandage around his head. The boys stand in surprise.

Ivan smashes Connor in the forehead with his gun, sending blood gushing down his face as he falls to the floor. He kicks him across the floor to the bathroom. Murphy helplessly yells his brother's name as he is brought to his knees by Vladdy.

(35) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Ivan kicks Connor in the stomach and Connor starts to vomit in the toilet. Checkov puts his foot on Connor's head and proceeds, as he struggles, to hand cuff him to the old toilet. So now Connor is bleeding, puking and hugging the commode with his hands cuffed behind the bowl base. Checkov lights up a cigarette and kneels beside Connor.

CHECKOV (almost whispering)
You know what I'm here for? I'll tell you. I was going to kill you. But I'm not....I'm going to kill your brother. I'm going to take him down to the dumpster and I'm going to shoot him in the head. Then I'm going to throw his dead body in the garbage. (looks at his watch) Trash guys are

(cont'd)
coming in 10 minutes, gotta go.

(36) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT - MORNING

He walks into the main room and says "lets go" to Vladdy.

MURPHY
What the fuck are you here for?!
It was just a bar fight. You guys
are fuckin' pussies!

Vladdy pulls him to his feet and leads him away following Checkov.

MURPHY
What are you guys gonna do?

(37) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Connor, vomit dripping and running from his face, listens to absolute silence for just a moment. Suddenly his face reads the gravity of the situation. In a split second he turns into an animal. He's yelling, pulling, tugging and growling. His body is a whirlwind of motion. The skin on his wrists bleeds profusely.

(38) EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Vladdy and Checkov lead Murphy out back into the alley.

(39) INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Connor becomes so venomous, that he pulls the entire toilet right out of the floor. Water flows up from the floor and sprays from the broken pipes on the wall as well.

(40) INT. MacMANUS TENEMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

He staggers as quickly as possible out the broken door and down the hall, toward the open window at the halls end. He is still carrying the toilet.

(41) EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Murphy is on his knees next to the dumpster. Checkov has his gun to the boy's head. He acts like he's going to pull the trigger, but he stops. Vladdy is standing twenty feet away with his back to them keeping a look out, gun in hand.

(42) INT. TO EXT - MacMANUS TENEMENT - WINDOW - MORNING

(slo-mo) Connor steps out onto the sill of the huge, open bay windows. He is five stories up. His muscles ripple with the weight

of the toilet. His face is barbaric.

(43) EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

From his kneeling position. Murphy can see his brother perched 50 feet over-head. He does not let his face betray him.

CHECKOV
I hope your conscience is clear, Irishman.

(44) EXT. MacMANUS TENEMENT - WINDOW SILL - MORNING

(Slo-mo) Connor bends his knees and heaves the toilet upward and swings one arm directly beneath it. He is no longer tethered around the basin. He holds it at a cocked angle. The heavy porcelain tank cover slips off the toilet.

He tosses the toilet in a left and outwardly trajectory, then he jumps off the sill to the right. He is sailing through the air about twenty feet behind, and to the right of the toilet, cuffed hands above his head, robe up like a cape behind him. Murphy screams.

(45) EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

(slo-mo) Checkov begins to laugh heartily. The tank top lands pristinely on a garbage bag just behind Murphy. Ivan's look turns to one of terror. Bam! He is crushed by the toilet. Boom! His gun goes off, punching a hole in the dumpster near the bottom. Vladdy hears the bang and crouches as he turns to see a wave of tiny porcelain bits.

Connor lands squarely on Vladdy's back. His gun discharges firing a hole in the brick of the opposing wall. He is savagely crushed against the ground. Connor bounces off and hits the wall, landing in the garbage completely unconscious. Murphy takes his hands from his head. There is dead silence.

He runs to his brother, pulls him from the trash and checks his vital signs. He seems okay. Vladdy, still alive, slowly crawls for his gun inadvertently covering his own bullet casing. Murphy goes over, picks up the tank cover and clubs the man to death with two hard and fast blows, then throws it up and behind him. It lands in the dumpster with a resonating boom.

Murphy quickly takes everything from the scene; guns, money, wallets, watches and a pager. He shoves it in the pockets of his bathrobe and throws Connor over his shoulder running out of the alley, he stops the first woman he sees.

MURPHY (yelling)
Where's the hospital?

The woman points and he is off and running.

(46) BACK TO PRESENT. INT - BOSTON POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM-AFTERNOON

Smecker stares astounded at Connor and Murphy. The Boys examine Smecker for a reaction. He slowly builds to a chuckle. The brothers join in.

SMECKER (gathering himself)
So, how is it that you guys are fluent in Russian?

CONNOR
We paid attention in school.

SMECKER
Know any other languages?

MURPHY
Aye. Our mother insisted on it.

CONNOR
French, German.

MURPHY
Italian, Greek.

SMECKER
What the are you guys doing working at a fucking meat packing plant?

The brothers laugh. Langley enters.

LANGLEY
Ah, Agent Smecker, we have a problem.

SMECKER
What?

LANGLEY
The press is everywhere outside. They're going nuts for these guys. What do you want to do?

SMECKER
You guys are free to go. You're not being charged. It's up to you. Do you want to talk to them?

CONNOR
Absolutely not.

MURPHY
No pictures, either.

SMECKER
Well, we could try the bag over the head thing. Walk you right out the front.

CONNOR
Our mother can see through bags.

MURPHY
Aye, she can. (beat) Any way we can stay here?

LANGLEY (eager)
Sure, we have an empty holding cell, They can..(to Smecker) can they stay?

SMECKER
Well, we'll have to check with your mother, but it's ok with me if your friends sleep over.

They all chuckle.

LANGLEY (embarrassed)
The Chief's waiting for you outside.

SMECKER
Time to feed the dogs.

Smecker leaves.

CONNOR
What'd he say his name was? Agent Pole-Smoker?

They Laugh.

MURPHY (sincere)
Oh, he's a nice guy.

CONNOR
Aye, he is.

(47) EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - EARLY EVENING

The police chief is standing on the front steps of the police

station making a statement to the ravenous press: cameras and pushy reporters. Agent Smecker stands slightly behind him. Rocco stands amidst the sea of reporters as the chief begins with a seasoned familiar, somewhat indifferent attitude...

CHIEF
Okay, listen up people. This is our official statement. I will be giving it to you then I will be leaving. The MacManus brothers are not being charged with a crime. It was a clear-cut case of self defense. They will be released at an undisclosed time and location in accordance with their wishes. We have thanked them for their cooperation and we thank you, the media, for your tireless pursuit of the truth.

The press is ablaze with questions. Smecker turns and walks down the precinct steps, passing Rocco, who carries a bunch of folded clothes, and heads for the police station. Smecker glances in Rocco's direction, barely noticing the man who has already passed him.

(48) INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Rocco approaches the wide open cell as some officers are playing cards with the brothers. Happy to see each other the boys and Rocco embrace. He hands them their clothes.

(49) INT. MacMANUS CELL - NIGHT

The boys are in a tight cell with a bed on each side. They are in their own clothes now.

(50) INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - CHURCH-DAY

As they sleep, a dream sequence begins. A majestic commoners church takes the screen. The bucolic countryside suggests Ireland. There is Latin biblical script being read and choral "chant" music being played. A young mother's face looks down on her two infant sons. She picks them up, one over each shoulder. The babies look out into the bright sun, which shines in through the open door. A large white swan steps into the doorway.

Drawn to the innocence, they reach for the swan. The priest takes both naked babies over the baptismal basin, displayed along his cradling forearms. The swan is flying around outside. He dips them half in the water as they wiggle. The mother standing just before them is elated.

Suddenly, (slo-mo) the swan breaks through the gigantic stained glass window of the church. As the window crashes down and the bloody bird smashes into the pews the horrified priest falls to his knees and drops the babies in the basin. Their eyes fill with water and they struggle.

(51) INT. MacMANUS CELL - NIGHT

The brothers are fast asleep. Suddenly, they lurch forward, throwing their chests out, lips tight, still asleep.

(52) INT. POLICE STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT.

An officer turns on the faucet of a sink and begins to wash his hands. We go down to the pipes beneath the porcelain basin. An old leak seeps water through a crack in the floor.

(53) INT. MacMANUS CELL - NIGHT

A water leak starts on the ceiling. It drips faster and faster. The water begins to follow a water damaged crack along the ceiling. It slowly spreads in two directions.

(54) INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - CHURCH - DAY

The mother has dropped to her knees in terror. The babies look up to see their mother's hands hovering just a few inches above the water. They both reach one arm apiece out of the water and curl their tiny hands around a couple of mom's fingers. The bloody bird flails and screeches.

(55) INT. MacMANUS CELL - NIGHT

The brothers are still struggling for air in their sleep. Then slowly and at the same time they each reach up one arm apiece and simultaneously curl their hands as if grabbing something. Their straining faces are brought from darkness into light as they sit up quickly, face to the ceiling.

Their eyes open wide and they each draw their first breath as drops of the creeping water land on their foreheads. They look at each other across the room in shock as the drips of water still fall between them.

CONNOR
Destroy all that which is evil...

MURPHY
...so that which is good may flourish.

(56) INT. MacMANUS CELL - NEXT MORNING

Murphy and Connor sleep. Murphy awakes to a "beep, beep, beep". He sleepily walks over to his bathrobe which is now in a bundle at the foot of his bed. He removes Checkov's pager from the pocket.

(57) INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - MORNING

Connor and Murphy enter as Walker, Dolly, Duffy and Langley are having coffee and donuts. They greet each other warmly. Connor grabs a pen and walks to the hallway.

CONNOR
Be right back...

WALKER
We would be honored, sir, if you would join us peasants, in a donut.

Walker hands him a jelly donut and a cup of coffee as Duffy spreads a copy of the "Boston Globe" in front of Murphy. The headlines read "The Saints of South Boston." All the detectives chuckle as Murphy is momentarily absorbed. He takes the paper.

MURPHY
Saints? (beat) I will not accept this pizzle until my feet have been properly anointed.

They laugh.

(58) INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - MORNING

Connor cradles the receiver of a pay phone between his cheek and shoulder. He pockets the pager. As the phone rings, he readies his pen. The other end of the line picks up and a thick Russian accent instantly begins speaking. Connor responds by speaking a few words in Russian before he realizes it's a recorded message. He begins writing.

(59) INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - MORNING

We hear the Russian's voice over on the message in the foreground as Murphy and the detectives are chiding each other in full throttle in the background.

(60) INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - MORNING

Connor writes the words "Plaza Hotel".

(61) INT. PRECINCT OFFICE - MORNING

The Russian message is heard as Murphy sits down, still joking,

and sips his coffee.

(62) INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - MORNING

Connor writes "9:00 p.m. - Suite 701". He hangs up the phone and smiles as he lights up a cigarette.

(63) INT. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA'S OFFICE - DAY. a.k.a. "THE JOKE."

Rocco, still sporting a shiner, enters a office. There are papers everywhere and it is a cluttered mess of telephones, filing cabinets, lamps and chairs. Rocco clutches a brown paper bag as if it is made of gold. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA, Rocco's boss, is on the phone. He is in his late forties. He's always comfortably dressed; sleeves rolled up, collar unbuttoned.

VINCENZO LIPAZZI swaggers across the office to Rocco. He is in his late thirties. He goes out of his way to look like Elvis; open shirt, gold chains and medallions. He is overweight and has a bouffant hairdo, accompanied by Elvis shades. Rocco and Vincenzo hate each other. Yakavetta talks on the phone.

VINCENZO (hushed)
Well, it's the funny man. (extends his hand) Give it here, package boy.

ROCCO (a bit defiant)
Joey Bevo said it was important. Said I had to give it to him myself.

VINCENZO (snatching the package)
Gimme the fuckin' thing. Now sit the fuck down!

Rocco obeys like an angry child. Vincenzo puts it in front of Yakavetta as he continues his conversation.

YAKAVETTA
No, I'm simply saying, I want you to pay me my money. You see, I'm like a bank. You default on a loan, I foreclose on you...(beat) a threat?

He holds the phone away from his ear. Looks around smiling at Vincenzo and Rocco, amazed and amused.

YAKAVETTA (smiling)
Doctor Lafeyette, I'm a business man. I don't make threats and I resent the implication.

He covers the receiver and looks at Vincenzo, squinting his eyes

with a silent laugh.

YAKAVETTA
No, no, no. (smiling, full of himself) Don't start that psycho-babble bullshit with me, Doc. I'm not one of your patients. Look around your office. Look at your leather couch and your expensive little artsy boy paintings and realize this...it's all mine. I own it. You got that? Now pay me what you owe me, now or we're gonna come to closure on a fuckin' issue. Good day.(hangs up, unwrapping package) Y'know something, Vincenzo. The 90's are killin' me. People can sue you for yelling at them, sue you for making them feel bad. And all these wire taps and shit. Can't even tell a guy your gonna kill him anymore. I used to watch my dad tear guys apart over the phone.

Yakavetta pulls out something in a big white piece of wax paper out of the bag and unwraps it. It's a sandwich. Rocco is disappointed and embarrassed. Vincenzo smiles at him and gives him the finger. Rocco's anger grows.

YAKAVETTA
He'd be like "Fuck you. I could snap my fingers and have you dead in four hours, rotting in a trunk off of Boyleston." Always get his money. Me? No. I gotta tip-toe through the tulips with these assholes. I prance. I'm a prancer. It's what I do...sucked all the fun right out of this job.

ROCCO
Poppa Joe, you want me to go now?

YAKAVETTA
Yeah. Thanks, Rocco. See ya.

Rocco starts for the door. Vincenzo begins whispering in Yakavetta's ear.

YAKAVETTA
Hey, Rocco, wait. Come back here.

ROCCO
Yeah boss?

Vincenzo continues whispering for a few more seconds, long enough for Rocco to see. Vincenzo's lips are tight. His teeth grind.

YAKAVETTA
Y'know I always see you talking to the boys and making them laugh. They always come around telling me what a crack up you are. What is it they call you?

ROCCO (totally intimidated)
The...The funny man.

YAKAVETTA
The funny man. Well, I got a new job for you, just for now.

ROCCO
Anything Boss.

YAKAVETTA
Roc, I'm having a real shitty day. I'm depressed and listless. I want you to cheer me up.

ROCCO
What do you mean?

YAKAVETTA
Make me laugh. Tell me a funny story or a joke. Do what it is you do, Joy Boy.

ROCCO (terrified)
Uh, okay...um...you hear the one about the, no fuck that one...uh.. oh!oh! Do you know Joey Botz down at the...no, fuck that, he's a... well..shit. Okay, there's a white guy, a ni...a black guy.

YAKAVETTA
A nigger.

ROCCO
A nigger and a mexic...a spic. All sittin' on a beach. They find this, this pot. Uh, they rub it and a, a genie pops out. (awkward) Uh, the genie says you all get a wish. The nigger says, "I want all my people back in Africa and with a strong economy and happy." No! Wait! before

that..uh...No, I got it right. So the genie grants his wish and all the black guys are...

VINCENZO AND YAKAVETTA
Niggers!

ROCCO
Sorry! Sorry! All the black guys are niggers. Ok, so they're back in Africa. Then the spic says,"I want all my people back in Mexico with a strong economy and shit like that." Uh, so boom, they are all back in Mexico. So, uh the genie says, "What do you want?" to the white guy. And the white guy goes "you're telling me all the Niggers and Spics are out of America (beat) then I'll have a coke.

There's a long tense pause. Suddenly, Yakavetta throws his head back and roars with laughter. Vincenzo joins in. Rocco lets out a semi-audible sigh of relief and gradually starts laughing himself.

YAKAVETTA (still in guffaw)
Very good stuff, Rocco. Very good stuff. Tell me another one.

ROCCO (under his breath)
Oh, shit.

Yakavetta erupts again pointing at Rocco.

(64) EXT. TO INT - COMMON BOSTON HOME - TWILIGHT

Connor and Murphy enter the house and are greeted by a huge Irishman. He takes them to the basement and they are awed as they step into a well equipped arsenal. They give him the guns, money and gold watches. He hands them two big black duffle bags and motions for them to help themselves as he counts the money.

They are giddy as they go on their first shopping spree. They toss in masks and gloves. They toss in four identical black finished 9mm. handguns with silencers and laser sightings.

CONNOR
Y'know what we need, man?...some rope.

MURPHY
For what?

CONNOR
Charlie Bronson's always got rope.

MURPHY
What?

CONNOR
Yeah, we gotta have it. These guys always got a lot of rope strapped around' em in the movies and they always end up using it.

MURPHY
Oh, you've lost it, haven't ya?

CONNOR
I'm serious.

MURPHY
Me too. That's stupid. Name one thing we're gonna need it for.

CONNOR
I don't know they just always need it.

MURPHY
What is this "they" shit? This ain't a movie.

Connor pulls a large hunting knife from Murphy's bag.

CONNOR
Is that right, Rambo?

MURPHY
All right, get the stupid fuckin' rope.

(65) INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul Smecker lies in bed with his young lover, Reuben (mid-twenties). He has an innocent, feminine look and a GQ air about him. The two have just had sex and Reuben is far more excited about it than Smecker.

Reuben pants and gestures that it was a wonderful experience. Smecker watches TV. Reuben reaches over and affectionately places a hand on Smecker's chest. Paul tosses it off with indifference. Reuben has a pouty look. The phone rings.

SMECKER
Smecker...uh,huh. (pause) Room number.

Reuben throws an arm over Smecker's abdomen and places his head on Paul's bare chest as if to now force affection.

SMECKER
We got a time of death?

He is visibly miffed with Reuben's sudden display. He tries to pull the arm away but Reuben holds tight.

SMECKER
What's the body count? (sighs)

Smecker is annoyed. He slaps Reuben semi-gently once on his exposed cheek. Reuben closes his eyes and holds even tighter.

SMECKER
Uh, huh.

He bites his lower lip in anger and smacks Reuben again on the same cheek, hard. Reuben jumps to a sitting position holding his cheek. He is shocked and hurt.

SMECKER
Okay, I'll be down there in a bit. Keep the press out and don't let the Boston Police trapse all over the place or we'll be counting donut crumbs for a week.

He hangs up. Immediately to Reuben, semi-angry.

SMECKER
What are you doing?

REUBEN
I was just trying to cuddle. (beat)

SMECKER
You cuddle after sex?...(yelling) What a fag!

(66) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - 12:30 a.m.

Smecker saunters down the hall, his usual confident smile. He is impeccably dressed in a brightly colored suit. His hair is perfectly slicked back. At the end of the hall is the suite. Greenly stands directly outside the open door. A steady flow of detectives and forensics filter in and out. Smecker halts before Greenly and looks straight into his eyes.

SMECKER (intrigued)
I'll bet you, I know what I'm gonna find when I go in there, Greenly.

Greenly returns a defiant look, then looks away.

SMECKER
He's struck again, hasn't he? (pause) Big fuckin'shoe man is back, huh?

(67) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He then chuckles as he brushes by him and heads into the suite and down the hall. Greenly turns and follows him. They are alone together as they walk.

GREENLY
Why do you always disrespect me like that?

SMECKER (not even breaking stride)
Because respect is earned, Greenly, never given. Guys like you should have to follow me around squabbling for the crumbs from my table.

(68) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker and Greenly walk into a large sunken living room with high ceilings. There is a huge white "U" shaped pit couch in the center, with seven dead bodies draped across it. All the bodies have been turned so they are either seated or on their backs and bright new pennies have been placed in their eyes.

One body is laying on the couch and the head is turned so the pennies have fallen from his eyes and they now sparkle up from the white couch. There is one corpse directly in the middle of the living room, making eight. This victim (*THE FAT MAN*) is overweight and is lying in debris made up of sheet rock and broken wood which spreads thinly for a five foot radius around him.

The victims' body positions are in a circle with the fat man as the hub. Smecker is instantly engulfed. His smile quickly gives way to total intrigue. The regular homicide detectives are on hand with their I.D.'s hanging out of their breast pockets. They see Smecker and back off. Duffy wears an especially loud tie. Smecker lights up a smoke. He circles around and sees another body behind the couch, which makes nine. The victim is on his back, with pennies stuck in his eyes.

SMECKER
How many bodies, Greenly?

GREENLY (still dejected)
Eight.

Smecker's eyes widen as he turns to Greenly.

GREENLY (catching himself)
No! Shit! I didn't see that one.
Nine! Nine!

Smecker snaps his fingers and points to the door in wrath.

SMECKER (yelling)
Latte! Lemon! BEAT IT!!

GREENLY
Shit! Shit! (as he walks to the door)

Smecker surveys the scene.

SMECKER
So Duffy, got any theories to
go with that...tie.

DUFFY (looks down)
These guys were pro's. I think they
were coming for one target; the fag
man, he was the...

SMECKER
The "what" man?

DUFFY(surprised)
The fat man.

SMECKER
Well...Freud was right. So you think
they came for the *fag man,* huh? And
what do you base this upon?

DUFFY
He was the only one done right.
Two in the back of the head.

SMECKER
And the pennies?

DUFFY
Calling card. New hitman wants to
leave his mark.

SMECKER
Yeah..Yeah. That's a possibility. Y'know you're perking up. That's two sound theories in one day, neither of which deal with abnormally sized men. (pause) I concur, it could be that. Another possibility is that they were placed there with religious intent.

DUFFY
Yeah. Some cultures still put pennies in the eyes of the dead or silver dollars.

SMECKER
Right. The Greeks. The Italians.

WALKER
The Sicilians.

DOLLY
What's the symbology there?

Smecker tosses the "Idiot" glance to Dolly.

SMECKER
Symbology? Well, now that Duffy has relinquished his "King Bone Head" crown I see we have an heir to the thrown. I'm sure the word you were looking for was symbolism. "What's the *symbolism* there?" Well let me explain it to you. In Greek and Roman mythology when you died you would have to pay the toll to Charon, the boatman who ferried you across to the gates of judgment. This was a way to make sure the dead came to atone for what they did during their lives, Detective...

Smecker looks at his I.D.

SMECKER
Dollapoppaskalious.

The detectives are impressed.

DOLLY (DOLLAPOPPASKALIOUS)
Holy shit. You're the first one

(cont'd)
that's ever got that.

SMECKER (aside)
Yeah, well...I'm an expert in name-ology.

The detectives all chuckle

(69) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker is chain smoking. His clothes appear unkempt. His eyes show emotion at every new found clue. The detectives are just trying to keep up with him. He is hunched over the body of the fat man, probing his wounds with his gloved fingers.

SMECKER
I've seen burns like these before. They used silencers. Look at these entry and exit wounds. They're identical.

He stands up and gives a lesson to the now eager detectives. He points his two index fingers to the back of his own skull with blatant disregard for for the blood sticking in his hair.

SMECKER
The two bullets went in here, through the top of the skull, criss-crossed and exited through the eyeballs. This one precious little clue tells us three distinct facts. Number one...Walker.

WALKER
They shot him at a downward angle. (makes connection) They put him on his knees.

SMECKER
Excellent! Number two. Dolly.

DOLLY
Uh. (really thinking hard) Shit, I, uh..

SMECKER
It tells us that he was the last to die. All these men (fans across the corpses with his hand) were carrying guns. They came in, dropped all these guys in seconds and then took their time with fag man. Didn't they, Walker?!

(cont'd)
(psychotic laugh) They sure as fuck did!

A wide-eyed Walker joins with Smecker, by nodding his head. Smecker is seducing all of them.

SMECKER
And number three, Duffy.

DUFFY (stressing, thinking hard)
Two shooters.

SMECKER
Fan-fuckin'-tastic!

The other detectives, Walker and Dolly want to know how.

SMECKER
Now stay with me, boys. Think about it. What did they do to make two such identical wounds? What? Did one guy put him on his knees, pop a cap in, sit him back up and shoot him again the same way? No. Two men of similar height dropped this guy down, each put some iron to his head and boom! That's all she fuckin' wrote!

DUFFY
What about one guy with two guns?

SMECKER
Possible, but unlikely. The angles are too extreme. A guy holding two guns to the back of your head is gonna shoot straight ahead. He wouldn't cock out his elbows, makes no sense. Besides, you telling me one guy came in here and killed eight men with eight *extremely* well aimed shots in just a few seconds. No way. Had to be at least two.

(70) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Smecker is now a complete mess. His hair is totally frazzled. He is sucking on cigarettes long and hard. His clothes are completely disheveled.

SMECKER
Television!

DUFFY
What about it?

SMECKER
Television is the explanation for this.

Smecker points an index finger toward the ceiling. There is a tilt revealing a huge gaping hole in it just above the living room.

SMECKER
Actually, bad television is the reason for this. I've got a real good question for you. Why is it....

Langley enters.

LANGLEY
Agent Smecker, we've finished talking to....

SMECKER (wrathful, psychotic)
I'm sorry. Was I interrupting you?

LANGLEY
No. I just...

SMECKER
What?!

LANGLEY
We just got done talking to all the employees on shift tonight. Nobody saw anything.

SMECKER
Fascinating!

Smecker stands there for a moment looking defiantly into Langley's eyes. Finally, Langley just turns and leaves embarrassed.

SMECKER
You see this in bad television. (again pointing out the hole in the ceiling) You see the little assault guys creeping in through the vents and coming in through the ceilings. That James Bond shit never happens in real life. Professionals don't do that. So we've got this up here, which has novice written all over it. And all

this down here that's simply a perfect textbook assassination. So here's our two possibilities. We either have rank amateurs that got lucky or consummate professionals that fucked up.

The detectives nod in agreement. They are now completely taken in by Smecker's spell.

SMECKER
So we got the "How." In other words, we know what happened here. We got the "Who." Two hitters who were either total green thumbs or seasoned pro's. What we don't have is the "Why." Or I should say *you* don't.

Smecker saunters over to the well stocked bar and gets behind it.

SMECKER
Join me in a drink, gentlemen.

They go over and grab seats at the bar. Smecker mixes himself a gin and tonic on the other side. He is calming down now and going back into "cool mode." He starts to tuck his clothes back in and fix his hair. He leans over the bar and sips his drink. The three detectives lean in.

SMECKER
With the exception of my coffee boy, you Boston detectives are starting to show signs of intelligence. So, I am going to make you privy to some information that you would normally not be. These men are all Russian mob. Not like those two peons in the alley the other day. These guys are all syndicate bosses and underbosses. I have a dossier on every man in this room. You see, since the Iron Curtain has gone down, the Russian syndicates have started to come here. And in the spirit of Glasnost the Soviets have opened their borders to the mafia. But the mob, they're not convinced that the grounds in mother Russia are fertile enough for organized crime yet. So they ain't ready to commit. The Russians, however, are coming here anyway. Needless to say, they are unwelcome. So what we have here, gentlemen, is possibly the beginning of the first

(cont'd)
international mob war..unless
I've totally missed something.

That sinks in and all their faces read the gravity of the situation.

SMECKER
Now let's go just a bit deeper. What is this going to look like to those who do not know what I just told you?

DUFFY
It's gonna look like the bad guys are killing each other.

SMECKER
And is there a man that lives in America, shit is there a man seated among us that hasn't thought, many times, let's just put them all on an island, give them guns and let them kill each other. This is our wet dream come true. You can expect federal and local law enforcement to do peripheral investigations. To go only deep enough to satisfy the law, then bury it from here on out.

WALKER
So, what do we do now?

SMECKER
That depends. You want to do your job?...or get ethical?

(71) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rocco comes out of the bathroom. He storms out to his small, round, living room table at which the boys are seated. He is wearing a white, polyester shirt with gold trim that is a uniform of some kind for perhaps a chain of restaurants. It is unbuttoned all the way down and his white t-shirt is hanging out. He is wearing a name tag that reads "Jaffar".

He is upset. He slams down a chair across from the brothers who are sitting there cleaning guns and silencers. All the accouterments of death are sprawled before them. They are smoking as they carefully disassemble their fire arms.

ROCCO
This better be good. (viciously ties

(cont'd)
his hair back) Talk!

The boys look at each other.

CONNOR
Okay, Rocco.

(72) FLASHBACK EXT. - SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

The MacManuses get off a crosstown bus. They stand on the sidewalk and light smokes in their characteristic way, rolling them along their tongues and screwing them into their lips. They are in their regular garb; thick naval P-coats, jeans and leather boots. They each carry a mid-sized, black, duffle bag. They are serious and business-like. They scan the Plaza Hotel from across the street. It has large glass windows which allow the lobby to be clearly seen. Everyone is dressed elegantly. Bellhops open limo doors and assist the elite.

CONNOR
What time is it?

MURPHY
8:45.

CONNOR
Let's go in through the parkin' garage.

They start across the street.

(73) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Connor and Murphy are quickly weaving through the dark garage. They approach the elevator.

(74) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They enter. They look ahead, stone-faced, as the elevator climbs.

MURPHY
Nervous?

CONNOR
A bit.

MURPHY
Me, too.

The elevator stops at the lobby level. Five, well-dressed men enter. Their faces are not shown. The boys nod "hello" and move

to the back wall. One guy says something quickly to another in Russian. The other gives a one word Russian response. The boys look at each other in shock. As the elevator climbs, the looks on their faces change to evil grins. Their eyes focus.

The door opens and Connor sees all the way down the hall to the opposing suite door, #701. As the men exit the elevator, each face is seen individually, all are victims from Smecker's crime scene. As the doors close, Connor laughs luxuriously. Murphy drops to his knees as the doors close and he presses his face to the door crack.

MURPHY
Ya better make these next few minutes count!

The elevator goes up half a floor. They hit the stop button and rummage in their bags. They suit up; black gloves and black masks. They strap on four 9mm. pistols with silencers, in shoulder holsters, one under each arm. Connor takes a large coil of black rope and drapes it around himself. He looks at Murphy and at the rope in his bag. Murphy is too excited to argue.

MURPHY
You and your fucking rope.

He puts it on. They drop to their knees, making the sign of the cross - Then, up through the ceiling they go.

(75) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

They stand on top of the elevator before a long air shaft.

CONNOR (smiling)
See. I told you there'd be a shaft.

MURPHY (smiling)
Just like on TV.

They jump into the air shaft.

(76) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

They start crawling with Connor in front and Murphy behind.

(77) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

The plump boss is standing in the middle of the sunken living room. His eight Russian comrades are around him seated on the "U" shaped pit couch. They speak Russian, but no subtitles are seen. The fat man yells "Checkov" every now and then. He's mad about something.

(78) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

Connor is taking lots of random turns, left and right. He is starting to look a bit confused.

(79) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

The fat man is really yelling at them now. He is screaming and pointing at each man. They seem to be taking it seriously as they light cigars and drink vodka.

(80) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

Their brows are drenched with sweat. Murphy crawls up next to Connor. There is only enough room for the two to lie on their sides facing each other.

MURPHY
We've been crawling around in here for too fuckin' long. Where the fuck are you going?

CONNOR
We'll find it. Just calm down.

MURPHY
No, fuck you. This rope is bullshit. I'm sweatin' my ass off draggin' this stupid thing around. Must weigh 30 pounds. (he takes it off)

CONNOR
Hey! We're doing some serious shit here. Now, put it back on and get a hold of yourself, asshole.

MURPHY
Asshole!? I ain't the rope-totin' Charlie Bronson wanna be that's gettin' us lost!

CONNOR
Hey! Fuck you! (grabbing Murphy's shirt)

MURPHY
No, fuck you!

The boys get into a close quarters battle. An occasional insult is thrown as feet kick and fists fly. They begin to get tangled in their own rope. The seam of the duct breaks and a tangled mess of rope and MacManuses pour out.

(81) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - CEILING - NIGHT

They crash through pipes, studs, and insulation and finally the ceiling right above the fat man's head.

(82) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

The rope gets caught on a pipe nozzle and slams the boys to a halt, hanging them upside down, back to back about six feet above the floor. They are turning in circles. The boss is a cowering mass of vibrating pulp, balled up in the fetal position on the floor. There is a lot of dust. The shocked Russians say only a word or two in panic before the MacManus brothers react.

They reach for their guns. The second their fingers hit the trigger wells, four red lazers are shot straight up into the air. The Russians start to reach for their guns. It's too late. The boys draw and fire as they spin. Taking four shots apiece. There are eight dead Russians. Chests explode as they fall back on the couch in a loose circle. One victim is blasted over the couch.

They notice the fat man directly beneath them. Murphy grabs his Rambo knife, reaches up and cuts the rope. They land in a heap, scramble over to the doomed man and place him on his knees. They each put a gun to the back of his head and recite their prayer in perfect unison.

BOTH
And shepards we shall be.
For thee, my Lord, for thee.
By the twitching of our fingers
To sew the stitch that ever lingers.
In this way thou hast blessed us so,
Thou hast brought us both high and low.
Power hath descended forth from thy hand
That our feet may swiftly carry out thy command.
So we shall flow a river forth to thee.
And teaming with souls shall it ever be.
(last two lines repeated in Latin)
e nomini patri, et spiritu sancti, Amen.

With the silenced "pop" from their guns choral music starts with Latin script being read in the background. They take their rosaries out, which were around their necks, but beneath their shirts. They slowly walk around, mumbling prayers as they care for the dead. They gently turn over the bodies that were on their stomachs. They brush the hair back from the victims' faces. They place pennies in the eyes of all the corpses. They resemble two priests going through a fresh battlefield. When they finish their ritual, they pull off their masks and look at each other. They start to grin and look around. They work each other into a healthy chuckle.

CONNOR (looks up)
That was some good fuckin' rope.

They both laugh.

MURPHY
That was way easier than I thought.

CONNOR
Aye.

MURPHY
On TV ya always get that asshole that jumps behind the couch.

CONNOR
Yeah, and ya gotta shoot at each other for a couple minutes.

MURPHY
Oh, we're good man.

CONNOR
Yes, we are.

They take notice of two large suitcases on the table and look at each other. They are in a trance like state as they open them. Both are filled with money. Murphy picks up a wad of bills.

MURPHY
I love our new job.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. They put their masks back on and snap into action. They stand at each side of the door. Connor looks through the peephole.

(83) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

He sees Rocco on the other side of the door, dressed as a hotel employee. He wears a polyester shirt with gold trim and a name tag that reads "Jaffar."

(84) INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

CONNOR (dumbfounded)
Take a look.

MURPHY (looks)
Holy shit. What is he doing here?

CONNOR
I'll bet ya this is his big break.

(cont'd)
He's buckin' for promotion.

MURPHY
The poor bastard.

CONNOR (grins)
Oh, let's have a bit of fun with him.

Murphy nods. As they open the door, Murphy grabs the cart and pulls it in. Connor seizes the mortified Rocco and pulls him in, slamming the door shut behind him. They run, dragging him and then throw him in the midst of the bodies. They put their guns right in his face.

ROCCO
Oh, God! Don't kill me! We're on the same side! The boss musta sent you in as back up, huh? Oh, shit, please! I'm Rocco. I'm the "funny man". They call me the funny fuckin' man! (almost crying)

CONNOR (attempting to hide accent)
Where's your gun?

ROCCO
Chest pocket. (they take it) Shit!

CONNOR
This is a six-shooter.

MURPHY (hiding accent)
Nine bodies, genius.

CONNOR
What were you gonna do? Laugh the last three to death, funny man?

ROCCO
Poppa Joe said there was only two. In and out. But there was more, huh? (trying to make friends) Boy, you guys sure did a good job. You're good, huh? Cool masks. Where'd you get them?

CONNOR
Let's do him right here. I don't believe him.

MURPHY
Yeah. Right now.

ROCCO (screaming like a baby)
Don't kill me. Oh shit, please no.
I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man!...
the funny man..the funny.

The boys put their faces close to his and demask. They start laughing but Rocco just lays there, wide-eyed, in shock. They help him up to the bar, where he attempts to collect himself. Murphy pours him a shot of Irish whiskey. He drinks it, pauses, then points his index finger down on the bar, indicating one more. Murphy pours it and Rocco drinks it.

ROCCO (nodding his head)
Again.

Murphy pours, Rocco drinks.

ROCCO
Oh...I get it...this is a joke!...
You guys and my boss. You...fuckin'
with the funny man, huh! (walks
over to the bodies) These guys ain't
really dead. C'mon get up!...you
guys are good. (chuckling)

He nudges one body and it falls over. The two pennies fall from his eyes, now sparkling up from the white couch.

ROCCO (turns to them)
(Beat) What did you do?! (pauses)
Fuckin'... what the fuckin' fuck!
Who the fuck, fucked this fuckin'?
fuck. How did you two fuckin',
fucks?.....FUCK!!!

CONNOR (to Murphy)
Certainly illustrates the diversity
of the word.

MURPHY
You're right, Rocco. It was a joke.
"You shoulda seen your face."

The brothers laugh.

CONNOR (pointing)
Hidden camera. Bob Saget is just
gonna love this.

Rocco walks toward them slowly, with purpose. His words start soft and work into hysteria.

ROCCO
What the fuck are you doing here? If this ain't a joke, what the fuck is it...Huh? What, huh!? WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? ANSWERS! I WANT FUCKIN' ANSWERS!

CONNOR (slaps him across the face)
Get a hold of y'rself, man.

Rocco is silent and surprised. Murphy, also surprised, looks at Rocco.

MURPHY (as all is quiet)
Yeah, get a hold of y'rself.

Murphy jokingly slaps Rocco a second time. Rocco instantly jumps on Murphy, cursing and punching. The brothers burst into laughter as they subdue Rocco.

CONNOR
You calm?

ROCCO
Let me go!

MURPHY
You okay?

As he calms down, they release him.

CONNOR
Listen, we gotta get outta here now. We're on borrowed time. We'll take separate exits and meet at Rocco's.

Murphy puts the two suitcases in his duffle bag and the two brush by Rocco who is still unsatisfied with his explanation.

ROCCO
Fuck!

(85) BACK TO PRESENT INT. - ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rocco has removed his hotel jacket.

ROCCO
Anybody?

MURPHY
Aye.

ROCCO
Anybody *you* think is evil and bad?

CONNOR
Yes.

ROCCO
Don't you think that's a little psycho? A little weird?

CONNOR
Weird, huh?...Know what I think is weird? Decent men with loving families go home every day after work. They turn on the news and ya know what they see? Rapists, murderers, and child molesters all getting out of prison.

MURPHY
Mafiosos getting caught with 20 kilos and walkin' on bail the same day.

CONNOR
Little girls catchin' stray bullets in their heads, playin' hopscotch in their front yards. And everyone thinks the same thing... "Someone should just go kill those motherfuckers."

MURPHY
Kill 'em all. Admit it Roc, even you've thought that.

Pondering it all Rocco gets up and goes to get a beer. He comes back in and sits down. There is a long silence.

ROCCO
You're right...I mean you're totally right. I'm in the fuckin' mob and I can't believe some of the shit I see in the papers. It's gone way too far, way too fuckin' far.

The boys are pleased at his enlightenment.

ROCCO
You guy's should be in every major city.

The boys chuckle. Rocco steadily works himself into a humorous frenzy.

ROCCO
This is some heavy shit. This is like "Lone Ranger"-heavy man. Fuck it! There's so much shit that pisses me off. You guys should recruit. I want an army of you, 'Cause I am sick and fuckin' tired of walkin' down the street waitin' for one of these assholes to get me, y'know?

MURPHY (chuckling)
Hallelujah, brother.

ROCCO
So you're not just talkin' mob guys and big fish like that. You're talkin' anyone, right? Even like pimps and drug dealers and all that shit?

CONNOR
You got it.

ROCCO
Well fuck, you guys could do this every day.

MURPHY
Let's just say this. We're like 7-Eleven. We ain't always doing business, but we're always open.

CONNOR
Nicely put.

(86) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ONE HOUR LATER

The three are partying hard. There's a pizza surrounded by Guiness cans as they whoop it up, sitting at the round table. Rocco is blowing out smoke from his cigarette so he can see the lazer sightings better. He wears one of the masks. He's like a kid in a candy store. All are in good spirits and drunk. The house cat is lounging on the table comfortably.

CONNOR
Hey, man. We wanted to apologize for screwin' up your big day.

ROCCO
You fuckin' guys. You ruined me. I'm fuckin' done. Done. Permanent package boy.

MURPHY
Who says that? You could take credit on it.

CONNOR
Yeah, It would certainly be okay by us.

ROCCO
What are you serious?

CONNOR
No, please go tell your boss it was us cause we really want to score brownie points with the son of a bitch.

MURPHY
Yeah, fuck it. If you think about it, it's all you can do really. You can't tell him it was us. Go in braggin' and shit. "Yeah, I fuckin' killed'em. I've killed more guys than you've had hot meals."

CONNOR
Climb the corporate ladder, boy. Don Rocco.

ROCCO
Yeah, you're right. Oh, hey this is good shit.(beat) Fuck it! I'm doing it. I deserve it anyway. I've been working for those fat bastards since I was in high school and look at this place.

The boys nod in agreement.

ROCCO (working into frenzy)
They're fuckin' me man and have been for a while but they're never gonna know cause you guys killed everyone and if they don't like it, they can suck my pathetic little dick. And I'll dip my nuts in marinara just so the fat fucks can get a taste of home while they're at it. That's it, it's done, I'm doing it.

Rocco slams his fist down on the table next to Murphy's gun. The gun goes off with a bang! and blows the lounging cat right off the table. A softball softball-sized hole is blasted in the wall as a large splatter of blood sprays the area surrounding the hole.

Everyone is in shock for a second.

MURPHY
(stands up, points at the dead cat with each word)
I can't fuckin'*believe* that just happened!

(87) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING - 11:30 a.m.

Rocco awakes on a bean bag. Murphy is passed out on the couch. Connor is passed out on the floor between the coffee table and the couch. Guiness cans and pizza crusts are everywhere. He stumbles past the wall with the large, round, pink stain on it. There is a crooked picture hanging in the middle of it. Rocco staggers to the kitchen and throws water in his face over a sinkful of dirty dishes.

ROCCO
I gotta go to work.

He makes his way to the door, where Connor is already standing. They stand in the door-jam, with the door open.

CONNOR (hung over)
Donna's gonna be angry about her cat.

ROCCO
Shit. She's on every drug known to man. She forgot she even had a cat like three months ago. She'd have sold that thing for a dime bag. Screw her. (beat) But I do kinda feel like an ass-hole.

CONNOR (chuckles)
You sound real remorseful.

ROCCO
She ain't been around in weeks anyhow.

CONNOR (beat)
Listen. Something's been bothering me about last night.

ROCCO
What?

CONNOR
Well...what if your boss knew how many guys were supposed to be there ...in that room?

ROCCO
What are you saying?

CONNOR
Think about it man. Nine men, six bullets.

ROCCO
You think they sold me out? No way.

CONNOR
Why not? He probably knew you'd end up nailing the fat guy, maybe one or two more, but he had to know you weren't walking out of there. Figure it out. Shooter's dead on the scene. No in depth investigation. And even if there was an inquiry, it'd slide right off his back. 'Cause as much as I love ya, your not exactly Don Corleone. What would he be losing? A thirty-five year old delivery boy?

ROCCO
No, no. That's just not the way things are done. They would never do that to me. Besides, how's he know I don't just get in there see there's too many and just serve 'em their fuckin' food and beat it.

CONNOR
I aint sayin' he wasn't takin' a chance but he knows you, man. He knows all you want is to move up. That's all you want. A smooth hitter woulda gone in there, seen it was a wash and slipped out. But a guy like you? Knowin' this is your only chance? Waitin' eighteen years? It's a pretty safe bet....Don't you think?

ROCCO
No. No man. That's...that's...You don't know what your talking about. That's bullshit. I know these guys. That ain't the way they operate.

CONNOR
Y'know Rocco, the other day I was watching one of those...insightful daytime talk shows. This lady was being

interviewed from prison. Killed her own two little babies. What was surprising to me was that there was no electricity hooked up to the chair she was in. Even more surprising, there was this bleeding heart psychologist divorcing this crazy bitch from any kind of responsibility for her own fucking actions. What doesn't surprise me is a mob boss sacrificing a package boy to keep the Russians out.

ROCCO
Yeah, but that's just not...No man. I mean, thanks for your concern, but that just ain't the thing of it.

CONNOR
Okay. If you're sure. But do me a favor and roll it around for a bit on your way in.

ROCCO
No, look. No rolling. Nothing needs to be rolled.

Murphy stumbles off the couch and over to Rocco and Connor.

MURPHY
(to Rocco) Where are you goin?
(to Connor) Did you tell him?

CONNOR
Yes.

MURPHY (to Rocco)
Then what the fuck?

ROCCO
Hey. You don't know that shit for sure.

MURPHY
Oh, Jesus. You're such a fuckin' retard!

ROCCO
Fuck you!

MURPHY
No man. Use your brain for once. Is it so unbelievable that they don't

(cont'd)
care about you?

ROCCO
You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

MURPHY (yelling)
You are fuckin' dead, you go in there today. Dead!

ROCCO
Oh yeah. You two fuckin' Micks know what's going on, huh? (flips them off) Fuck you!

CONNOR (trying to calm him)
Hey this ain't a thing you should gamble on, Roc.

MURPHY
Fuck it! What kind of flowers ya want at your funeral? Ya dumb Wop. This is the last time I'll see you. Good bye. You're my best friend. Bye-bye now, ya stupid son of a bitch.

ROCCO (walking away)
I'll be back at 9:00.

CONNOR (loud)
Hey. You get in there and start getting a bad vibe, get the fuck out quick.

(88) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Connor picks up the place as Murphy watches t.v. The phone rings.

MURPHY
Hello?

ROCCO (V.O.)
Hey Murph.

MURPHY
Roc. You okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)
Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY
No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)
I'm fuckin' fine. I'll see you later. (hangs up)

Just then DONNA and her friend RAYVIE enter the apartment. They are consummate junky sluts who are very doped up and giddy.

DONNA (trying hard)
Here kitty, kitty.....kitty.

(89) EXT. SIN BIN - NIGHT

Smecker exits a squad car. He is focused and determined, yet excited. He goes in the front entrance of a porno house beneath a pink neon sign that reads, "The Sin Bin."

(90) INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Smecker ascends the three, small steps up to the round room. A NUDE DANCER sits there on the couch in a robe. She is crying as she is being consoled by Detective Duffy. This small room is where men watch girls through a large glass window.

In this room a dancer performs on a floor a few feet above the three private booth where each man watches from his own booth. She appears as if on stage. All three windows are shattered and a dead man lies in each booth with pennies in his eyes.

WALKER (approaches Smecker)
She was in here when it went down.

SMECKER
Can she I.D. them?

WALKER
They were wearing masks.

SMECKER
Of course they were.

Smecker sits next to the girl. He has compassion for her as she cries.

SMECKER
Probably shouldn't work another shift for a while.

DANCER
Fuck this job. I'm getting out of

(cont'd)
the porno business and I don't care whose cock I gotta suck to do it.

(91) INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

The bodies have been removed and chalk outlines replace them. The bullet holes in the walls have been marked either "A" or "B." The detectives watch Smecker. He is a mess. His clothes are disheveled and his hair is frazzled. He concentrates with the passion of Mozart. He mindlessly pulls his breast pocket out from his body and ashes his cigarette into it.

SMECKER
I got a question. Why did they shoot these two guys? After talking to the dancer we know that their mark was the guy in the middle booth. After she watched them whack him, she passed out. (pause) Why the two extra victims?

WALKER
Witnesses?

SMECKER
No way they could have seen it.

Smecker hits an orange button on the wall and a black steel door with a money slot comes slamming down in front of the first booth. He does the same thing to the last booth, leaving the middle one open. Both doors possess peep holes for the dancer to look down at her client before raising the doors.

SMECKER (sarcastic)
Allow me to enlighten you gentlemen to the protocol of the porno industry, as I'm sure you've never been in one of these places before. A man goes into the booth, puts the money in the slot. The dancer gets it on the other side. She hits the button, door goes up, now there is only glass between you and it's (makes a masturbatory gesture with hand) little fireman time.

DUFFY
No way they could have seen it?

SMECKER
Those doors were down...which means this. They looked down in through

the peep hole, saw these guys and opened the doors from the inside. Pop, pop, pop, right through the glass. Why?

DOLLY
Maybe the three of them had something in common.

SMECKER
No. This guy is big time. (points to middle booth) These two are street-walking scum.

WALKER (kidding)
Then that's what they had in common. They were all bad guys...now they're all dead bad guys.

Smecker seems side-tracked and ponderous at Walker's observation. He hits the orange buttons and raises the doors.

SMECKER
We got another thing to think about here. We got us a genuine "Kennedy assassination" style bullet theory. Two guns were used here, guns "A" and "B". The guy in the middle was done with both. But this guy (points to the guy in the right booth), he was killed with bullets from gun "A" only. And this guy (pointing at the left booth) gun "B" only. But ballistics dug two slugs out of the wall from "A" over here where the victim was done with "B".

Smecker points to two bullet holes in the wall of the booth on the left. Each is marked "A". He walks over to the right booth where in the exact location are two identical holes marked "B".

SMECKER
And it's the same story over here. Why this seemingly pointless crossover?

DOLLY
That's just fucking weird. I have no idea.

DUFFY
Jesus. I just can't think anymore. That scene over at the coffee shop

(cont'd)
today tapped me out.

SMECKER (surprised, a bit angry)
What?

DUFFY
A guy went nuts over off of Commonwealth today. Shot four guys to death in a coffee shop in broad daylight. Fled the scene. Don't have much on him.

SMECKER (angry)
Why was I not informed of this?

WALKER
They weren't related. The guy used a 38. No pennies. Totally amateur.

SMECKER
Who were the victims?

WALKER
A couple of peons for the mob and...

SMECKER (livid)
Oh that's just BEAUTIFUL! All the scumbags in the quiet little city of Boston start dropping dead and you think it's unrelated?! Walker, the day I want the Boston Police doing my thinking for me, I will have a fucking tag on my toe! Now, get me a squad car and get me over there. I want the crime scene photos and any witness statements. NOW!

Smecker storms from the room. The detectives begin to follow. Smecker comes barreling back in, shoving them out of the way. He looks at the bullet holes in the walls marked "A" and "B" again. Something has clicked.

SMECKER (wide eyed)
Oh...well...It looks like we got us a cowboy.

(92) INT. SALAMONE'S - NIGHT

Smecker surveys photos and papers, as he smokes profusely. He stands next to a table in the back where chairs are knocked over. Body chalk and blood stains are everywhere. The detectives seem like they don't want to be there, again.

SMECKER
He knew these guys, huh?

DOLLY
How do you figure?

SMECKER
Friends. They were friends, gentlemen.

Smecker flashes them a photo of a dead body. The victim is shot in the head and face down in his plate of food. His hands are on the table in front of him.

SMECKER
All these guys were packing. Not one hand near a gun. It's simple human behavior. Someone you don't know approaches you. You put your hand near it or on it. This guy's got his hands on the table. He's eating his food, for Christ sakes. They were friends.

Smecker looks over the bar.

SMECKER
These two fucking scenes are related .... in some twisted way, they are. Too many coincidences. Same day? Five hours apart? Dead mobsters on both scenes. Now, why did he kill the bartender?

WALKER
This was a crime of passion. He just went nuts. He would have killed everyone in here. He just ran out of bullets.

SMECKER
Walker. This look like a fucking post office to you? This guy came in here with intent. Maybe he didn't know exactly what he was gonna do but he had a pretty good idea. And the bartender wasn't a fucking accident. He saved him for last for a reason.

DUFFY
Well, we didn't get any help on that. A lot of people saw it. Nobody's talking.

SMECKER
Fucking figures. Look, are you guys seeing the pattern here? We got big questions at both of these crime scenes, with no answers. WHY did they kill the guys in the other two booths? WHY did he do the bartender? It would seem unnecessary, even stupid. (angry) God, I hate cold crime scenes! I'm fucking leaving now. And do me a favor, tell me when the next guy dies, cause these boys are not done yet.

He storms out the front door.

(93) EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SALAMONE'S - NIGHT

Smecker walks across the street, still angry, and goes to a payphone. There's an extreme close-up on his hand as he puts in a quarter. As the quarter jingles in...

(94) FLASHBACK EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF SALAMONE'S - DAY

...there is a close-up on a hand pulling back from the coin slot. The hand moves up to pull a cigarette from its possessor's mouth. It is Rocco. He dials the phone.

MURPHY (V.O.)
Hello?

ROCCO
Hey, Murph.

MURPHY (V.O.)
Roc. You okay?

ROCCO
Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY (V.O.)
No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO
I'm fuckin' fine. I'll see you later. (he hangs up)

He goes across the street and enters Salamone's.

(95) INT. SALAMONE'S - DAY - CONTINUED

Rocco is a bit *cooler* now. He saunters by Sal, the bartender who is looking at him like he's a ghost. He goes all the way to the

back where three of his co-workers sit: OLY, VINNIE and LOW-KEY TONY, They are all low level mob, like Rocco. Tony is whispering secretively as Rocco approaches, they all stand in amazement.

ROCCO
Hey. Sorry I'm late. What do you got for me today?

OLY
Man...we got nothing for you today.

ROCCO
Why not? What makes today different from any other day?

VINNIE
All right, let's cut the bullshit, Rocco. Who told you?

ROCCO
Vincenzo told me.

LOW-KEY TONY
Hey, just keep it down. Vincenzo? He fuckin' hates your guts.

ROCCO
Yeah. Go figure. He even gave me the second piece.

OLY
(beat) Hey. Listen man. I would have told you but Vincenzo said it had to go down like that.

VINNIE
Man, I was gonna call but Vincenzo, that fuck!

LOW-KEY TONY
Roc. You know we all love you, man. But he said it was top priority. Said you had to go down for the good of the rest of us said he'd kill our mothers if we said anything.

ROCCO
It's okay. I made it out didn't I?

VINNIE
You know what? I'll bet it was a test. Yeah..yeah. Cause he came in here shooting

his mouth off, big time. He was making sure we knew. But we all did what we were supposed to, eh? We kept our mouths shut. You did your part. They know we're goodfellas now. We'll probably all get taken care of.

ROCCO
What? Did everybody know? Next thing you'll tell me Sal was in on it.

OLY (laughing)
Actually, Vincenzo told Sal first. That fat fuck knew before we did.

Rocco tosses a sideways glance at Sal the bartender. Then he joins in laughing.

(96) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Donna and Rayvie are dancing slowly like two lovers. Donna sings "September Morn" by Neil Diamond and Rayvie sings "I Write The Songs" by Barry Manilow. They think they are singing the same tune so they join together in a mismatched chorus. The boys watch from the kitchen table, dumbfounded.

DONNA (goes over to stain on wall)
What the fuck is this?

MURPHY
Rocco spilled some...Spaghettios on the wall. It kinda stained.

DONNA (slumps into a chair)
Fuck. There goes my damage deposit. 400 bucks. Rayvie, we could have been on for a week with that money.

RAYVIE
Fuckin' Rocco. When are you gonna dump that loser?

Boys seem unimpressed.

(97) INT. SALAMONES - DAY

Rocco stands as his co-workers are sitting. He has them laughing hysterically.

ROCCO
So then I look in my pocket and I got 18 pennies. I couldn't resist.

VINNIE (laughing)
The fuckin' funny man. We got our funny man back.

ROCCO
Yeah. I'm the funny man. The funny fuckin' man, huh?

Rocco yells "The Funny Man" one more time as he pulls his nickel .38 and shoots Oly in the head. His head splits and he falls face down in a plate of food. He kills Low-key Tony with no hesitation. Vinnie has fallen back in his chair and is attempting to scramble away. Rocco puts two in his chest as he lay. He turns the smoking gun on mortified Sal, who is behind the bar.

ROCCO (screaming, insane)
What! You didn't think that was funny?!

SAL
Oh shit, Rocco. Please.

ROCCO
Oh, I thought that was funny! Today, today I'm a fuckin' riot.

He shoots Sal once. He goes down. Rocco leans over the bar and pumps the remaining rounds into his chest, shouting "Funny! funny! funny!" He stops and realizes what he has done. He runs out.

(98) INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Connor is spit-shining his boots by the window. Murphy lights his cigarette on the gas stove. Donna and Rayvie are passed out on the couch. Rocco bursts through the door, hysterical. Tears are streaming down his face.

ROCCO
Pack your shit! We gotta get outta here! We gotta get out!

CONNOR (hopping into his boots)
What happened?

ROCCO
I killed 'em! Oh, Jesus! I killed 'em all!!

DONNA (wakes up)
Rocco?

MURPHY
Hey, hey. Just calm down. Tell us what happened!

ROCCO
No! Fuck you! You start getting excited! We stay here we're dead! Let's fucking go!

DONNA
Rocco!

CONNOR (packing up gear)
Who did you kill? What the fuck?

MURPHY (packing up gear)
Okay. Holy shit. Who? How many?

ROCCO (rummaging through his drawers)
I'll answer your questions later you two! Now hurry the fuck up!

MURPHY
This is some crazy shit, man!

ROCCO
Oh, you have no fucking idea! Those cocksuckers sold me out! They all knew!

CONNOR
Shit, Rocco. Did I fuckin' tell ya? Huh? They pull on you first?

DONNA
ROCCO!

ROCCO
I really don't even fuckin' remember. I'm all fucked up. What did I fuckin' do?...And in the middle of Salamone's.

CONNOR
Salamone's the deli? Oh, shit!

MURPHY
Ha! Ha! Roc, you got a jumbo set of coconut balls man!

DONNA / RAYVIE
ROCCO!

ROCCO (turns in rage)
What?

DONNA (softly)
Where's my cat?

ROCCO (slight pause, walking to her)
I killed your fuckin' cat, you druggie bitch!

DONNA (shocked, hurt)
You killed...why? Oh god, why?

ROCCO
I felt it would bring closure to our relationship!

DONNA (crying)
You killed my...my...

She stops, unsure of the cat's name.

ROCCO (screaming)
Your what?! Your fuckin' what?!

DONNA
My...no..no.

ROCCO (puts his gun to his own head)
Your what, bitch? I'll shoot myself in the head, you can tell me that cat's name! Go ahead...Your what? Your precious little... (waiting for her response)

DONNA (flustered, crying)
Pee..per...man

ROCCO
Peeperman? WRONG!!!

ROCCO (cocks the hammer back)
What color was it?!!!

DONNA
It was..no...no...It was...

ROCCO
Male or female, bitch?!!

RAYVIE
Don't you yell at her you fuckin' prick!

ROCCO
Shut your fat ass, Rayvie! I can't buy a pack of smokes without running into nine guys you fucked.

DONNA
Don't you yell at her!

ROCCO (pointing gun at Donna)
Hey, I don't just do cats anymore, bitch! I've expanded my operation.

Rocco rummages through her purse and finds her car keys.

ROCCO
All right, Lets get the fuck outta here!

They exit. Rayvie and Donna are hugging each other, crying.

RAYVIE
Is my...I mean it's not really...?

DONNA
No. No. It's not fat.

(99) INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Rocco is in the back. Connor is driving.

ROCCO
Oh shit, Connor. You were right, man. Those rat fucks! They knew. All of them knew! They were all laughing at me man!

MURPHY
You sure you killed them?

ROCCO
Fuckin'-A-right I did. I had a goddam turkey shoot over there. For about ten seconds that place was arma-fuckin' -geddon.

CONNOR
Anybody see ya?

ROCCO
Fuck, man! I may as well have posted flyers. Right out in public, man.

MURPHY
Liberating isn't it.

ROCCO (smiles for first time)
Y'know it is, a bit.

The boys laugh.

ROCCO
Stop the car!

Connor pulls over directly in front of a pink neon sign that says "The Sin Bin".

ROCCO
Listen. We gotta do something. Vincenzo, this fat motherfucker, he's Yakavetta's right hand. He's the one who set me up. Then he went around shooting his mouth off, telling everyone I was as good as dead.

CONNOR
Yeah? And?

ROCCO
And he goes in there every Wednesday night at 10:00, jerks off in a booth to the same titty dancer like clockwork. Never misses. He's gonna be in there tonight in just a few hours.

MURPHY
So?

ROCCO
So lets kill the motherfucker. I mean, what are you guys...like that's your new *thing* right?

CONNOR (looks at Murphy)
Yeah, well...

ROCCO
Oh, what the fuck? Seriously, how do you guys decide who you're...I mean, who makes the cut? Is there a raffle or a draft pick or something?

MURPHY
Well, ta be honest with you, those first ones just kinda fell into our laps.

CONNOR
Yeah. I guess we really don't have a system of deciding who.

ROCCO (excited, yelling)
MEEE! ME! I'm the guy! I know everyone! Me! I know their habits. I know where they hang out, who they talk to. I know where they fuckin' live. We could kill *everyone*!

MURPHY (to Connor)
So what do you think?

CONNOR
I like it. Comfortable...I find it comfortable.

(100) INT. McGINTY'S - NIGHT

Doc is behind the bar. Happy, Lazlo, Joe Hanley and Dooley are there drinking. Doc finds a burlap bag in the fridge. He looks puzzled as he opens it. It's packed with money. He is shocked and elated. He stands, money in hand.

DOC (yelling)
Hear me well, you Commy bastards. You can all line up and (taken with Tourette's) FUCK!

HAPPY, LAZLO, JOE, DOOLEY (lethargic)
Me in the...

DOC
ASS!....(beat) SHIT!

(101) EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SIN BIN - NIGHT

Rocco, Connor and Murphy are looking very serious as they smoke outside the rear door, in the alley. A HOMELESS WOMAN weaves through the trash. From her point of view, the three stand there, looking angelic, immersed in white light. She approaches them with her hands in front of her as if to touch them. She comes right up between them.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Turkey sandwich..lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise...and onion.

CONNOR (hands her 5 dollars)
I think there's a place that serves that around the corner.

MURPHY (hands her a pack of smokes)
Here ya go, dear.

She wanders across the street. Again from her point of view, a MAN emerges from the opposite alley. He looks very demonic. He wears a hooded jacket with a Boston Bruins emblem on it.

HOMELESS WOMAN (holding her $5 and cigs)
Turkey sandwich...lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise...and onion.

HOODED MAN
(holds up a rock of crack cocaine)
For that five and them cigarettes you can get yourself a slice of heaven, baby.

He backs into the alley and she is helplessly lured into the darkness. As the boys and Rocco watch this from the alley, they begin to head for them, but Vincenzo's car pulls up across the street. Rocco stops the boys.

ROCCO
That's him.

The boys head in the front door. Rocco moves back into the alley.

(102) INT. SIN BIN - NIGHT

Connor and Murphy enter and are instantly amazed at the busty dancer on stage.

MURPHY
Whoa! What a rack.

CONNOR
She must be an I-rack-i (Iraqi)

MURPHY
She could be a Rack-ateer.

They both giggle. Vincenzo enters and shuffles past the bar. He walks through a bead curtain at the back of the busy porno house. The boys, now serious, follow him a few seconds later.

(103) INT. SIN BIN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They go to the back, open the exit door and let Rocco in. The three wind down long dark hallways with Rocco leading the way until they reach a green door. The boys stand, side by side, directly in front of it. Rocco is just behind them. Connor and Murphy each pull out one 9mm. and pull their masks on. Rocco pulls

out an identical gun and puts on a mask that he made from a dock worker's cotton hat. The eye holes look like they were cut out by a two-year old. He looks ridiculous.

MURPHY
Okay Roc, this is..

He turns and is instantly taken with laughter at Rocco's appearance. Connor turns, and has the same reaction.

ROCCO
What? You guys got masks.

They are now pointing and laughing.

MURPHY (through laughter)
You look like Mush Mouth from Fat Albert.

ROCCO (takes off mask)
Fine! Fuck it! When we're done she can I.D. me. I don't care. Just tryin' to be professional, but no...

CONNOR (still laughing)
No. No. It looks good. C'mon, put it back on. It's good.

He begrudgingly puts it back on. They reassume their position.

CONNOR (imitating Mush Mouth)
Okay Roc. You sure you're O-B-kay-B?

(104) INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

They burst into the room, climb up a few steps and are in a small round room with a couch in it. A topless dancer sits, smoking and drinking coffee, on the couch in front of three big black steel doors with money slots in them. Rocco seizes her, puts a hand over her mouth and a gun to her head.

ROCCO
Which one is he in?

She points to the middle door.

ROCCO
What's his routine? (takes his hand off her mouth)

DANCER (terrified)
H..h..he jerks off in there for a
(cont'd)

(cont'd)
couple minutes. Th..then he puts a 100 dollar bill through the slot and I raise the door.

MURPHY (hiding accent)
How?

She points to an orange button. Each door has a button to the left of it.

ROCCO
Then what?

DANCER
He watches me do my thing through the glass and f-finishes himself off. Takes him maybe ten minutes.

(105) INT. SIN BIN - CENTER BOOTH - NIGHT

We see the fuzzy reflection of a cheap porno movie being reflected in Vincenzo's Elvis style sunglasses. He is shaking as he masturbates.

VINCENZO (grunting, muttering low)
Don't you talk to me like that, you dirty little...give it to daddy...give it ta da King...garbage mouth, garbage mouth.

(106) INT. SIN BIN - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco is looking through the peep hole down on Vincenzo. He still holds the terrified, crying dancer.

ROCCO
Oh man. He is some sicko.

They back up and focus on the money slot. A hundred dollar bill comes through. Connor takes it and gives it to the dancer.

CONNOR
You've earned it.

The boys begin to recite their prayer. Rocco is smiling and excited, he still hangs on to the now hyperventilating dancer. They press the button. The door goes straight up. Vincenzo is now bare chested with his stomach pressed up against the glass. He is perversely licking the glass as he masturbates.

He has one moment of shock before the MacManuses decimate him through the glass with silenced bullets. The glass silently spiders and begins to fall in spots. His chest explodes, sputtering medallions and bits of gold chain inside the booth. The dancer faints and Rocco lets her fall gently to the couch.

ROCCO
Whoa, you guys are studs.

CONNOR (angry)
Shut it!

The boys step down in the booth and begin their ritual, including pennies in the eyes, rosaries, blessings, and so on. Rocco watches intently, intrigued. They finish and turn around to see Rocco is immersed in grabbing one of the unconscious dancers breasts. They pull up their masks.

CONNOR
What the fuck are you doing?

ROCCO
What? I-I was just,..I'll tip her.

MURPHY
Oh great, we've teamed up with a sex offender.

CONNOR
So, when are you getting a plastic fuck doll?

ROCCO
What? I was just. No, no man.

MURPHY
You were just what? Polishing her tit? Was it scuffed?

CONNOR
Professional tit shiner are ya?

ROCCO
All right. Enough. I'm sorry. I'm pathetic.

He gets up and starts tossing money on her as the boys giggle. Just then two more bills come through the slots of the other two doors, which have remained closed. Murphy looks through left peep hole, Connor the right. Smiles spread across their faces and they look at each other. They switch and each looks through the other guy's peep hole. The pimp from the emergency room is in one booth

and the drug dealer from outside is in the other.

ROCCO
What? Who is it?

CONNOR
This place is like a scumbag yard sale.

MURPHY
We gotta come down here once a week and clean house.

Rocco looks in the one with the drug dealer. He says "Oh, wow" as he crosses and checks out the other one.

ROCCO
Who's that?

CONNOR
That, my friend, is a low life, woman beating, piece of shit pimp, who has "bitch slapped" his last prostitute.

ROCCO
Oh man. You gotta let me do these guys. I'm such a moron. I gotta make up for the *tit* thing.

CONNOR
No way. I've been waitin' for this asshole.

ROCCO
Aw, c'mon. Please. I gotta clear my family name here. I've brought shame to the house of Della Rocco.

MURPHY
Let him! Give the guy a shot.

CONNOR (thinks it over)
Okay Rocco. But this is the real deal. We must kill without hesitation, without guilt or remorse. Evil man, dead man.

Rocco get serious and nods his head. Connor replaces the clip in his gun and hands it to Rocco. He stands with one in each hand, aiming one gun at each door. The boys both place a finger on the appropriate orange buttons, as Rocco slowly cocks his head back. With wide eyes he thrusts his head forward. The doors fly up. Rocco fires both guns yelling "Yeah, take it, take it!" Both men

are destroyed. Rocco then crosses his arms and fires two more shots from each gun. On the opposing walls of each booth two identical bullet holes appear.

ROCCO
Wyatt-fuckin'-Earp, man!

MURPHY
I believe we got us a natural here.

ROCCO (smiling)
Okay. You guys do your thing now.

(107) INT. SIN BIN - JUST OUTSIDE PRIVATE BOOTH - MINUTE LATER

Rocco shuts the door.

ROCCO
You guys gotta teach me that prayer, man. That's some good shit.

MURPHY
Sorry Roc. It's a family prayer.

CONNOR
Aye. Unless you have MacManus blood flowing in your veins, it will never cross your lips.

ROCCO
C'mon!

(108) INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

An old man looks at himself in the mirror of an empty but very upper class bathroom. He puts a large leather case on the counter near the sinks and begins taking out colognes, chewing gum and assorted cigarettes arranging them in neat rows. He removes a porcelain plate from his bag and places it in the center. He puts a few dollar bills on the plate. His name tag reads "Augustus". Yakavetta enters and stands opposite AUGUSTUS. They look each other over.

AUGUSTUS
Fuck you. No, wait. (beat) Go ahead.

YAKAVETTA
I need your help.

AUGUSTUS
Okay, now, fuck you.

YAKAVETTA
I got a serious problem here.

AUGUSTUS
Well, let me tell you what I think of your problems.

He leans over and farts loudly.

YAKAVETTA
Hey Augustus, I'm not screwing around here.

AUGUSTUS
What happened to Uncle Gussy, huh? I bounced you on my knee at family reunions, for Christ sakes. Your dad and me ran the whole east coast syndicate you snot-nosed little prick. And when you took the wheel, who was beside you?

YAKAVETTA
Hey, I just...

AUGUSTUS
Don't start with your shit. Don't you talk to me. "Oh, hey Uncle Gussy, thanks for years of service. Here's a gold watch and a job sniffing other guys shit eight hours a day. What am I, a retired bus driver? Am I on pension?

YAKAVETTA
I need the Darkman.

AUGUSTUS
(beat) What did you do?

YAKAVETTA
I fucked up...big time. This kid, this little peon, nothing, package boy could bring down the whole east coast. If he decides to turn states he could just dismantle us...totally. But it looks like for now anyway, he's content with just killing us one by one. And even worse the kid is good at it. Real good. I mean I had a prodigy on my hands the whole time and didn't even know it.

Yakavetta puts an envelope of money in the plate.

AUGUSTUS
Listen kid, I think you better understand who you're dealing with here.

YAKAVETTA
Yeah. I was only twelve or thirteen when you guys used to talk about him, like he was a ghost or something.

AUGUSTUS
Your dad and I used him three times over a twenty year period, only when everything went totally fucked. Believe me kid, you don't want this guy unless you are 100% sure you need him. He is... a fuckin' monster.

(109) INT. PRISON PAROLE BOARD ROOM

A PRISONER sits shackled to a steel chair. His head is shaved almost bald. There are no windows in the room. His face is in shadow. The parole board looks him over. A stenographer sits poised.

MR. COBB (English accent)
Do you feel you have been rehabilitated?

No response is given by the prisoner. The stenographer looks at MR. COBB who gives her the nod. She begins typing though no words are spoken.

(110) INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS
I've had this guy in front of me. I mean, right there. And I couldn't tell you what he looks like, sounds like. Nothing. He is the Picasso of assassins, kid. He comes in with five, six different weapons and uses them all so the cops think they're looking for a bunch of guys. Plants hair samples, blood, even finger prints. Puts skin under fingernails. This guy is a fucking genius.

(111) FLASHFORWARD INT. - PRISON PAROLE BOARD ROOM

MRS. PEMMBRY (English accent)
If you were to be released, what type of work would you seek. That is to say, how would you sustain yourself.

No response is given from the prisoner. The stenographer looks to PEMMBRY who gives her the nod. Again she begins typing.

(112) BACK TO PRESENT INT. - RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

AUGUSTUS
This one job he did for us, frankly scared the shit outta me. The cops were after this serial killer. He goes in and does our job and makes it look like this wacko did it. Right down to the particulars; same weapon, bloody messages on the mirror, certain body parts cut out. The police caught the psycho a month later, he confesses to everything..except that one. He's on the news swearing up and down that he didn't do it. Man, did we get a laugh off that.

YAKAVETTA (amazed)
Christ.

AUGUSTUS
Only one problem. He's been rotting in prison for twenty-five or thirty years. Don't even know if he's still alive.

Augustus hands him a piece of paper he scribbled on.

YAKAVETTA
There's ways around that.

(113) INT. PAROLE BOARD ROOM - DAY

A large piece of paper is placed on the table and stamped with the words "parole granted" across it.

(114) INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOSTON - DAY

The prisoner, "Darkman" enters. He is clad in a long dark trench coat with the collar pulled up, dark round glasses and a dark hat. He puts a suit case on the bed and opens it. Inside are many guns, ammo, little plastic bags, and balloons filled with fluid. All is in perfect order. He pulls out a photo of Rocco, looks at it, and puts it away. His face is in shadow. The scruff of his beard and mustache show.

He walks over to the window. He slowly puts his hand outside and watches the sun bounce off it. Across the street in the park people walk dogs, families picnic, kids play. Tears begin to flow from beneath his glasses as he breaks down. He begins to take off

his clothes as he weeps, casting them aside.

(115) EXT. HOTEL ROOM FIRE ESCAPE - BACK ALLEY - DUSK

Darkman is fully naked, sitting on the fire escape. He smiles and is still misty-eyed as he beholds the sun setting. Scattered around him are all the furnishings of freedom; Snickers bars, all kinds of empty candy wrappers, Coke cans, and many assorted magazines, including Playboy.

(116) INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT - 2:00 a.m.

Rocco and the brothers enter a trendy coffee house. There is a GAY WAITER behind the counter and a couple in a booth. The GIRLFRIEND is meek and frightened and has a black eye. Her BOYFRIEND has long hair, pulled back in a ponytail. He is drinking his coffee and reading his paper paying no attention to her. The three walk to the back and sit down at a small round table. The waiter approaches.

GAY WAITER
What can I get you guys?

CONNOR
I'd like a Cafe Americana with a double shot of espresso.

MURPHY
I'll have a Bavarian Hazelnut coffee with a half shot of espresso, twist of lemon. Thank you.

ROCCO
...I'll just have a regular coffee.

GAY WAITER
We don't have that.

ROCCO
You don't have that?

GAY WAITER
(beat)Hey, that's what *I* just said.

ROCCO
This is a coffee house for Christ sakes and I can't get a regular cup a coffee?

GAY WAITER (turns to boys)
Uh, maybe one of you could translate from English to retard for your friend here.

Boys laugh at Rocco.

ROCCO (semi-laughing)
Okay there, Liberace. Just bring me a hot chocolate.

The waiter puts his open hand to Rocco's face, interrupting him.

GAY WAITER
Talk to the hand!!

The boys continue to chide Rocco as the waiter saunters off.

ROCCO
All right, Ha, Ha, very fuckin' funny. Let's talk some business here. We got ourselves a bonafide opportunity tomorrow.

MURPHY
Let's hear it, boy.

ROCCO
I know a sick fuck...makes the ones we been doing look like altar boys. Worst night of my life when I met this guy.

CONNOR
Oooooooo. Sounds like a story there. What happened?

ROCCO (ponderous)
Fuck man. The worst *fucking* night of my *entire* life.

(117) FLASHBACK EXT. - SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" - TYPE HOUSE - DUSK

Rocco waits in a late model Chevelle in front of a white house. A man exits the house and walks across the sprawling front lawn. Rocco leans over and says "How ya doin', man?" The man doesn't respond as he stands with his hand on the car door. He withdraws a white handkerchief and brushes it across the passenger seat before he sits down.

ROCCO(V.O.)
The guy never says a fuckin' word to me. We're driving for 25 minutes. Never a sigh, no throat clearing, nothing. And his face, blank man. Just nothing there.

(118) EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

They pull up to a house in a scummy, Boston, Logan Airport neighborhood. Rocco gets out and sits on the hood smoking as the man makes his way up the walk.

(119) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

He enters the house and pulls a large black plastic tarp from his coat and spreads it across the floor in the hallway. He pulls out two pistols with silencers and walks. There are two kids playing Sega: a boy and a girl in their early teens.

He comes up behind them and holds a gun to the backs of their heads. He discharges and blood stains sprawl across the cigarette burned carpet. He walks across the room and closes the curtains to a large picture window.

(120) EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED
Rocco sees this from the outside and takes deeper interest as he smokes.

(121) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The man walks to the kitchen and the mom (resembling a hooker) is on the phone. He points and fires. Blood splatters across the unpainted dry wall.

(122) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED

He calmly proceeds to a back room where two Colombian men are loading guns. He fires at them, putting them down quickly. A little blood splatters in his face and he wipes it off with the handkerchief. A dog starts barking in the back yard.

(123) EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUED

He opens the door and the dog runs at him from across the small yard.

(124) EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Rocco is out front listening as the barks abruptly cease.

(125) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The man pulls all the bodies to the tarp and throws them in a haphazard pile. The dog,tossed on last, lands in such a way, it seems to be wrapped in the young boys arms. The linoleum in the kitchen and the long carpeted hallway are streaked with blood stains.

(126) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The man pulls out a large hunting knife and viciously stabs it into the drywall, hacking out the mom's blood stain.

(127) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

In the same manner he cuts out the kids blood stains in the carpet. He throws the bloody pieces of carpet and dry wall on the pile. He begins ferociously ripping up the bloody carpet at the end of the hall. He throws it in a clumsy roll on the pile.

(128) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUED

He takes a mop and cleans off the linoleum.

(129) EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

The man comes out on the front stoop and motions Rocco over.

(130) INT. DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Rocco enters the house. He sees the pile of twisted and broken bodies with a bloody mop sticking out the top of the heap, like a flag marking territory. He quickly turns to the wall, crunching his face and shutting his eyes tightly. The expressionless man stands beside him.

(131) BACK TO PRESENT INT. - COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

No sound is heard as Rocco emotes. He is very affected and emotional as he tells the story using gestures and speech. He is crying as he bangs his head up and down and flails his arms around.

(132) RETURN TO FLASHBACK EXT. - BACK FACTORY LOT - NIGHT

Rocco's face is now expressionless as the two load the last body in the furnace and toss the dog in, unloading from Rocco's trunk. They shut the furnace door and the sound slowly comes back, just the low hum of a furnace and the light wind blowing.

THE MAN (suddenly smiling)
I like you, Rocco. I have a poker game at the house every Saturday with a couple of guys. Why don't you come down?

ROCCO
(pause) Yeah...yeah, I'd like that. (gathers himself) Tell me something. Why did they have to die? I mean, what did they do?

THE MAN (smiling, almost laughing)
I don't know.

(133) BACK TO PRESENT INT. - COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rocco is looking down in silence.

ROCCO
Worst day of my life, man.

MURPHY (pause)
Well, I'm sold. Let's kill the cocksucker.

CONNOR
Don't worry, Roc. We'll do this guy right and you'll feel a lot better.

The gay waiter brings their drinks and is especially sympathetic to Rocco. Suddenly all ears are drawn to a yell. The long-haired boyfriend is holding his girlfriend by the wrist over the table. She is scared and crying quietly as talks to her hard, now in hushed tones.

GAY WAITER
Hey! You leave her alone!

BOYFRIEND
Shut the fuck up, faggot!

The boyfriend turns back to her and continues scolding. The boys are already up and walking. Connor grabs the guy up from the booth by his ponytail. From behind him he reaches under and grabs his balls with his other hand. The boyfriend is now spread eagled, on his tip-toes in deep pain. Murphy extends his hand to the young lady. She takes it and stands up.

MURPHY (smiling)
It's happened before, hasn't it? (she nods) But ya forgave him, didn't ya? (she nods) Poor thing.

By now the waiter and Rocco have come over. Rocco is excited.

ROCCO
I feel like I should do something.

MURPHY
What do you tell your friends? Fell down the stairs, huh? "God, I'm so clumsy" (she nods and cries)... it's like something out of a bad "After School

(cont'd)
Special"...Hit him.

GIRLFRIEND
What?

MURPHY
Go ahead. He can't do anything now.

The man is wracked with pain as she looks him over, contemplating. She begins to vibrate and rock back and forth. She tries to hit him but stops and pulls back just before contact. The gay waiter is egging her on.

GIRLFRIEND
I, I can't.

GAY WAITER
Oh, fuck it. Let me show you how.

The waiter steps up and smacks the boyfriend across the face. He cries out in pain. The girlfriend is shocked, but now more intent on doing it.

GAY WAITER
How's that feel? You son of a bitch!

The boys and Rocco laugh and the girl is really pushing herself to do it.

BOYFRIEND
Don't hit me, baby. Please, don't hit me.

She pauses and her face twists into crazed anger as she beats him about the head and chest with both hands. She is screaming, crying, and kicking. "Why do you hurt me? All I do is love you, you fucking bastard!!" Cheers rise from our four onlookers. She beats him bloody. She reaches in his coat pocket and pulls out a key chain. She pulls off two keys.She walks over to the booth, grabs her bag and starts for the door.

BOYFRIEND (smiling, semiconscious)
You little cunt.

She stops, runs to him and kicks him in the balls with a scream. Connor lets him crumble to the floor

GAY WAITER
That was so fucking cool. Your coffee is on the house. Whew!...(to Rocco) and you, I will find you a cup of

(cont'd)
regular fucking coffee.

(134) INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - 1:00 p.m.

The three burst into their room all yelling at each other. They are all bleeding profusely from gun shot wounds. Connor turns on the gas stove and slams a new clothing iron down on the burner. He has wrapped the cord around the handle so it won't burn. They have all ripped their clothes haphazardly and have made tourniquets to nurse their wounds.

CONNOR
Who the fuck was he, Rocco? I know you fuckin' know!

ROCCO
Fuck you! I told you I never saw him before!

MURPHY
Well he sure as fuck knew you!

ROCCO
Fuck you both! Ya, ask me, he was aiming at you!

The scene fades into total silence as they viciously argue. They then take turns holding each other down as they cauterize their wounds with the hot iron. Two guys will hold a third down and force a wadded up pillow case in his mouth, as they burn him.

(135) EXT. BOSTON SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - SAME DAY - 5:00 p.m.

Smecker sits on the balls of his feet on a sprawling front lawn. He looks out to the street and sees a forensics technician kneeling before a new, gray Ford Taurus riddled with bullet holes. The man marks a sea of different-sized bullet casings that stretch for thirty-five feet down the sidewalk. He circles two blood stains on the side walk with orange chalk.

Smecker turns and looks at the front of the house. It is peppered with bullet holes, all seemingly concentrated on the front stoop area. Men try to lift blood samples off the white paint around the door. He stands and Walker, Dolly, Duffy and Greenly are ready with pens and notebooks behind him.

SMECKER
(progressing in his transformation)
You guys ready for this?

All the detectives chant the affirmative.

SMECKER
Okay. Here's what happened.

(136) FLASHBACK INT. - PARKED FAMILY VAN - SAME DAY - 12:00 NOON

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco sit in a parked van, down the street from the "Beaver Cleaver" house. The three are sitting next to each other in the longer back seat. They have a counter in front of them with all their guns and accessories on it. The clicking of bullets into clips, the smacking of clips into guns, and the spinning of silencers are heard. Smecker sits in the captains chair directly across from them, calmly smoking a cigarette. (He is in the scene, however he is not "really" there). They finish their preparation. Rocco holds up his guns.

ROCCO
This is so fucking cool.

SMECKER
They waited in a parked car down the street for the kid to leave.

Murphy spies a young boy peddling his bike out of the driveway. He goes to the front of the van.

MURPHY
There he goes. (turns back to them, pulls his guns) Okay, gentlemen. Are we ready to bring this man into the light? Are we ready to truly do the work of the Lord?

CONNOR
A-fuckin'-men! (cocks his pistol)

ROCCO
Yeah! Game time! Game time! Let's do it!

(137) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - DAY

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco make a frenzied exit from the van and walk across the front lawn, each carrying a black duffle bag and clutching a mask. The garage is opened a crack. They pull it up all the way. The sun shines in on Smecker who stands there smoking.

(138) INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

They enter and close the door behind them.

SMECKER
They went in through the garage. The kid says he leaves it open when he takes his bike out.

They dive into their bags and and suit up with leather gloves, masks, navy P-coats and their guns.

(139) INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE-DAY.
The three open the door and enter the house and walk deliberately down the hallway. Rocco grabs the wife by the hair in the kitchen and drags her down the hallway.

SMECKER (V.O.)
Now, they know the wife plays the gate keeper. She knows the code.

They walk with the terrified woman down the hall to a sliding glass door. Connor opens it. Rocco puts her face in front of a number pad, with a green light on it.

ROCCO
Don't fuck with me lady. I'll kill you.

She slowly punches in the numbers. Smecker is standing there on the stoop, smoking. Connor looks out across the pool to a pool house with no windows. It has a large metal door and more resembles a fortress. Connor opens the sliding glass door.

(140) INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - CLOSE - UP ON A LIGHT BULB - POOL HOUSE - DAY

The light turns on. It is green.

(141) INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - BACK HALL - NEAR THE NUMBER PAD - DAY.

SMECKER
The wife says she doesn't know what happened after she hit the code. She just remembers going down. But, judging by the burn mark on her back, I think what they did...

Murphy pulls a stun gun and zaps her with it. As she goes down, the three file out the back.

SMECKER
...was use a stun gun on her.

(142) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

They walk around the pool and come to a halt in front of the pool house door. Connor reaches for the knob but Rocco stops him. They wait, guns drawn and focus on the door knob. Smecker is standing right there, smoking.

SMECKER
Now the guy knows a friend is coming to the game. And they know that this door can only be opened from the inside. So they wait...and when that door opens, man..

The knob turns and they kick it in.

(143) INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

They burst in and line up shoulder to shoulder, guns aimed. Smecker stands beside Rocco with his thumb and forefinger extended to mimic guns. Five mafiosos sit around a poker table in front of them. Two men are playing pool to their left. They begin firing. Men are dying, their chests exploding. Smecker moves his hands like firing guns and yells over the noise.

SMECKER
Nobody was ready for it. Devastation, panic and mayhem set in right away. This was like shooting fish in a fuckin' barrel!

Smecker points to the pool table as the two players dive under it.

SMECKER
Now these guys dove under the table. A very natural reaction. We checked the trajectory on the bullets here. They came from straight across. So this means one of our shooters...dropped to his knees..

Smecker drops to his knees in perfect syncronicity with Rocco. They are side by side and leaning back. Rocco fires and the men under the table skip around as they are riddled with bullets. Smecker's mimicking hands follow him perfectly with each shot. The boys and Rocco demask. Rocco goes around to all the bodies and looks earnestly at each one, as Connor and Murphy pick up bullet casings.

ROCCO
Shit!..Shit! He ain't here.

MURPHY
What the fuck do you mean?

ROCCO
I mean he ain't here.

CONNOR
Look again for fuck sake!

ROCCO
I know what the fuck he looks like!

SMECKER
Now, this is where something went wrong. Right here.

(144) INT. POOLHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The man they came for gets off the toilet and pulls up his pants. He is expressionless. He pulls a towel rack from the wall.

(145) INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

The door behind Rocco begins to open outward. As the door swings open, Rocco tries to angle a gun around to shoot the man who is opening it. But as soon as the man sees his hand, bam! He comes down on it with the towel rack. Rocco pulls back in pain. The door opens and Rocco tries to fire with his other gun as the man makes a second strike on his other hand. The gun fires, as the man's blow connects. The shot pierces his stomach and sends him against the wall. He holds his abdomen in pain. There is a moment of recognition between the man and Rocco. Rocco is terrified as the man dives on him and they begin fighting. Murphy jumps to help, but Connor pulls him back. They both stand in front of the pool table about thirty feet from Rocco.

CONNOR
Let the boy go. (to Rocco) Time ta earn your stripes, Roc!

The boys start to cheer Rocco on. He is now being choked, as he glares at them in disbelief.

SMECKER
Now, one of these guys is a real sicko. He knew this man and he wanted him to suffer. He wanted him to feel every second of a painful death.

As Rocco is wrestling and punching on the floor. He looks up.

ROCCO
Help me you assholes! (they continue to cheer) He's gonna fuckin' kill me! (he fights harder)

SMECKER
Yup. He's a violence junky.

ROCCO
You motherfuckers! Come on! Oh god, please! (fights harder, terrified)

SMECKER
This guy is one bad motherfucker.

ROCCO
I don't wanna die!!!!!

Murphy is aching to help but Connor is more steady as they egg him on. A man who has been shot starts to regain consciousness. Connor turns his back to shoot him (slo-mo). Murphy sees his opportunity, pulls the cue ball from the table, and rolls it silently across the carpet toward Rocco.

Connor fires with his left hand and as the casing ejects from the gun he catches it in mid air and makes the sign of the cross. Rocco is on his back, the man is straddling him. They both have eac. others throats and are trying to strangle one another. When the ball is within arms reach, Rocco slams his hand down on it and knocks his assailant in the skull. He straddles him and begins to mercilessly beat his face in with the cue ball, yelling "You sick fuck!"

He finally stops, gets up, runs toward the boys, and throws an exhausted punch at Connor who just lays Roc down on the pool table and says "Nicely done, boy." Murphy tends to Roc. Connor checks out the man and seems surprised.

Murphy takes the bloody cue ball from Rocco's hand and polishes it off on his jacket, making sure Connor cannot see. He replaces it perfectly on the table. Smecker now stands in front of the table with the cue shining in the background.

SMECKER
I don't know what he used on this guy. I've never seen wounds like these before. But whatever it was,it was a blunt object and they took it with them when they left.

Smecker exits to the left as Greenly enters from the right, following Smecker out. He walks by the table furiously scribbling

in his notebook. Connor, Murphy and Rocco exit the room, pennies in the eyes of all the corpses in the background. Rocco holds two duffle bags full of poker money. Greenly stops, picks up the cue ball and looks at the dead man. He shakes his head and says "Nah."

(146) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY.

Smecker stands in the middle of the front lawn. His hair is a mess. He's chain-smoking. His clothes are disheveled. His eyes are psychotic. He points to the parked Taurus as six men in dark suits appear in a fuzzy, out-of-focus shot. They line up shoulder to shoulder on the sidewalk.

SMECKER
They exited out the front door.
And they had no fucking idea what
they were in for.

(147) INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - DAY.

Rocco, Connor and Murphy walk toward the front door.

(148) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY

(Slo-mo) Two black leather boots slowly walk up the sidewalk and stop in front of the new, gray Ford Taurus then turn toward the house. Darkman removes a white balloon filled with a few ounces of fluid from the pocket of his black trench coat. He throws it on the walk, the blood splatters. He picks up the remnants of the balloon and puts them back in his pocket and stands there waiting, looking at the house.

(149) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - DAY.

The boys come out, Rocco in the middle and slightly ahead of them. They look out to the walk, stunned.

SMECKER
Now they are staring at six guys
with guns drawn. It was a fucking
ambush.

Again, shot fuzzy, hands of six men, all holding different caliber guns: some are black finished, some are nickel-plated and all are different sizes aimed and ready to fire. Back in focus, no faces are seen except those of our three heroes, their jaws dropping as their point of view reveals the Darkman, standing alone, his hands folded in front of him.

Suddenly, he throws open his trench coat to reveal a special leather vest beneath. Six guns, all different, are holstered on the front of it: three on each side extend from just below his collar bone to his abdomen. Connor and Murphy don't hesitate. They each draw one of their now unsilenced guns from their shoulder holsters and aim, one arm over each of Rocco's shoulders. Darkman draws his top two weapons and aims.

SMECKER (yelling)
And this was a fucking bomb dropping in Beaver Cleaverville! For a few seconds this place was Armageddon! There was a firefight!

They all start shooting at once. The noise is deafening. The Taurus is being pierced and the front of the house is splintering as it is riddled with bullets. Smecker is still in the middle, hands raised to the heavens, turning circles as he conducts his psychotic symphony, laughing. The lights are flashing between night and day. Rocco's pinky finger gets shot off, sending blood splattering against the house. He dives in the bushes reeling. He pulls a gun and starts firing.

Murphy catches a bullet in the arm and dives for the bushes as well. Darkman with lightening speed, re-holsters the guns and pulls the next two down as he walks to his right about ten feet. He commences firing and the casings hit the sidewalk, all different calibers and sizes are dropping down the walk.

It's him and Connor and nobody is backing down. They both grind their teeth as they fire rapidly at each other. At the same moment, Darkman gets hit in the arm and Connor takes a bullet in the leg. The firing ceases for a moment. Connor remains steady and Darkman looks down at his arm and his own blood splattered on the sidewalk.

DARKMAN (in angry disbelief)
No!...No! No!....

He holsters the guns and pulls the last two as he moves to the right. He fires with wrath as he screams the word "No" over and over. Rocco and Murphy return fire from the bushes yelling and swearing, as Connor does the same from his position on the stoop. Then Darkman turns and walks off at a hefty pace, leaving a sea of casings that extend for 35 feet down the walk. There are also two blood stains.

In a frenzy the boys and Rocco get up and withdraw some spray bottles from their bags. They begin spraying all their own blood stains on the stoop and the front of the white house. They then pick up their things and run off.

(150) EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT.

Smecker comes back to reality and lights a cigarette in front of the stunned detectives.

GREENLY
What if it was just one guy with six guns?

SMECKER
Why don't you let me do the thinking, huh, genius?

He turns to the forensics guys at the front of the house and begins to walk over to him.

SMECKER
What is taking so goddam long with those blood samples?

FORENSICS GUY #1
I can't get a good sample. There is another variable here I'm not seeing.

Smecker puts his finger throug a big blood stain on the door and smells it.

SMECKER (in shock, and rage)
They used ammonia...none of this shit is any good..*Fuck*...You know what that means?! Even if we get suspects in this case, we got nothing...Nothing!!

He starts kicking the bushes and trying to tear them with his hands as he rages. The police and forensics all back off.

SMECKER (screaming)
Who the fuck are they?! I've never seen any-fucking-thing like this in my whole fucking life. Who the fuck are they?!!

He backs against the building and slides down to a sitting position in the bushes as if he has given up. He raises his head and there he sees it. Rocco's pinky finger lying undiscovered in the bushes. His eyes light up as he pulls a small plastic bag from his pocket and scoops it up. He shoves it back into his pocket and races off.

WALKER
What? That's it?!

(151) INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco, Connor, and Murphy are sitting around a table in a hotel room. They are numb with pain and silently sipping beers. They aren't even looking at each other.

ROCCO (presently)
Donna was sittin' on the couch... this was about two weeks ago, so I go over and I whip out my dick and I'm like "I'm gonna piss on you." She was just kidding around so she goes "Oh, daddy, yes pee on me."

MURPHY (presently)
So what'd ya do?

ROCCO
I pissed on her.

CONNOR
You pissed on her?

ROCCO
Well, I didn't unload or the bitch. I just kinda sprayed her a little.

The boys work into that slow and low laughing that escalates into total hysterics. Suddenly, they stop to watch Smecker on the news making an announcement that he is heading up the investigation to find the three of them. Connor shuts it off.

CONNOR
Shit.

ROCCO
What?

CONNOR
Pole smoker's on the case.

ROCCO
Who's Pole smoker? (points to TV) What, that guy?

MURPHY
That's the guy that made sure we weren't charged with that whole "Checkov" thing.

CONNOR
And he is one smart Nancy boy.

ROCCO
They got nothing.

CONNOR
You ain't listening. This guy is *very* sharp. If he hasn't figured us out yet, he will.

MURPHY
You bet your ass he will.

ROCCO
Well, I'd say that makes him a lia-fuckin'-bility.

The boys look at each other.

CONNOR
I know what your thinkin', Roc. He isn't to be touched.

MURPHY
He's a good man, and a friend.

ROCCO (ponderous)
Okay...whatever.

(152) INT. SMECKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smecker is sitting at a computer terminal. He has just hooked into the F.B.I.'s computer network with his authorization code. He is disgusted as he puts on surgical gloves and finger prints the severed finger onto a scanner. He waits for a moment. Rocco's face and wrap sheet come up on his screen. He is in disbelief.

SMECKER
No. This is all wrong. David Della Rocco?

(153) FLASHBACK EXT. - POLICE STATION FRONT STEPS

Rocco on the steps of the police station when Rocco brought the boys their clothes.

(154) BACK TO PRESENT INT. - SMECKERS APARTMENT

He picks up the phone.

SMECKER
Yeah. Maria this is Agent Smecker. Could you find me the visitors list for the day the MacManus brothers

PRIEST slips a key in the priest's booth and opens the door. Rocco shoves him in and goes in behind him. Connor has quickened his pace. He tries both doors. They're locked. He goes into the confessional on the right.

(158) INT. CHURCH-PRIEST'S BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco puts his gun to the priest's head.

ROCCO
I'm not a religious man, father.

PRIEST (terrified)
Yes...I can see that.

ROCCO
Your gonna do what I say, got it?

PRIEST
Yes.

ROCCO
Good. I'm sorry you're gonna hafta see this. Don't look at me!

PRIEST
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't see.

ROCCO
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

(159) INT. CHURCH-CONNOR'S CONFESSIONAL - EARLY MORNING

Connor is furiously working his fingers through the lattice work to open the slider to the priest's booth from his side.

(160) INT. CHURCH-PRIEST'S BOOTH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco takes the priest and puts his face in front of the slider to Smecker's booth, gun to the back of his head.

ROCCO
Open it.

PRIEST
Please, don't do this my son,

ROCCO
Do it.

PRIEST
Have you no fear of God?

ROCCO
Believe me, that's who I'm doing this for, now open the fuckin' thing.

Connor gets the slider open. Rocco's long hair hangs just inches from Connor's face. Connor puts his thumb and forefinger through, desperately reaching for a lock of Rocco's hair. Rocco jostles the priest and puts the gun hard to his head.

ROCCO
Open it Father. I'll do you right here. Makes no difference to me.

PRIEST (slowly obeys, whispering)
God have mercy on my soul.

Rocco starts to move the priest aside and put his gun to Smecker's now open slider. Just then Connor snags a piece of Rocco's hair and pulls him back hard and fast by it, until his head slams into the lattice work. Rocco grabs the priest back into position. Connor grabs a nice wad of Rocco's hair with his left hand, so that the side of Rocco's face is now pressed to the lattice. Connor then puts a gun to Rocco's head.

CONNOR (hard whisper)
You little fuck. Let him go. I'll drop you right here.

ROCCO
Okay, just calm down. He could hurt us, brother. He could ruin the whole thing.

CONNOR
This topic is not open for discussion. Let him go or you will be delivered, right now. (pulls hammer back)

ROCCO
You won't do it Connor, you won't. You love me man.

(161) INT. CHURCH-CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS - EARLY MORNING

Smecker wakes up from a drunken stupor. He looks through the slider window at the barely discernible face of the now crying, priest.

SMECKER (slurred, loud)
Hello? You there?

PRIEST
Y-Yes my son.

ROCCO (whispers)
Do your thing Father. Don't fuck
(cont'd)
this up.

PRIEST (whispering to Rocco)
What do you want me to say?

ROCCO
Just be natural, goddamit.

PRIEST
How long since your last confession,
my son?

SMECKER
Oh, Christ, uh, I've never confessed,
actually.

The priest can hear Connor and Rocco whisper, but Smecker cannot. They all can hear Smecker talk.

SMECKER
Truth be known, Father, according
to the dogma of the Catholic church,
I should probably burst into flames
right here in this booth.

CONNOR
Ya wanna meet Jesus, Rocco?

ROCCO
You won't Connor. You won't man.

SMECKER
But I've come here for advice,
not salvation.

Connor and Rocco stop and listen now.

PRIEST
Why have you come to a church for
council if you're not religious?

SMECKER (ponderous)
That is a very good question. Why *have*
I come to a church? Why? I never have
before. I guess I just...felt I should.

PRIEST
What's your situation my son?

SMECKER
I'm having an ethics problem, plain and simple. My job is to put evil men behind bars. One thing I've always hated about my job is that the law provides miles of red tape and technicalities, loopholes for these... wretched men to slip through. I've gained recent knowledge of a couple of young men who remedy that situation in a very iron fisted and righteous manner. Almost as if they have God's permission. But technically what they do is wrong and I should arrest them...technically.

PRIEST
Do you believe what they do is wrong?

SMECKER
In this day and age I believe what they do is...necessary. And I feel it is....correct.

PRIEST
You believe?

SMECKER
Yes.

PRIEST
You feel?

SMECKER
Yes.

PRIEST
My son, do you realize that a soul is what gives you feelings? Happiness, guilt, right or wrong. A soul is a conduit through which the Lord speaks to us. You *felt* that your answers would be here in the house of God today. You *feel* these men are necessary. The Lord has spoken to you twice this day.

Rocco and Connor show their individual looks of surprise.

SMECKER (sarcastically)
Has he now?

PRIEST
I urge you to take caution in your tone. You have entered the house of the Lord of your own free will speaking of beliefs and feelings. Is it so much too believe that God has brought you here?

SMECKER
I guess not.

PRIEST
It is easy to sit back and be sarcastic about religion. It is much harder to take small hints from God, your "feelings" and listen to them...to take a stand.

The looks of surprise on Rocco and Connor's faces show that the priest is doing a "hell of a job".

SMECKER
Yes...You're absolutely right.

PRIEST
The men in this world who deserve the most respect are men that stand for what they believe in. Those who do not are in a constant state of ethical antagonism and indescision.

SMECKER
I want to father. I want to stand for what I believe in. My whole life I have been disgusted with those who do not.

PRIEST
Then it is only a matter of finding what your beliefs are.

SMECKER
I believe they are correct and necessary.

PRIEST
You know them personally?

SMECKER
Yes.

PRIEST
Do you think they would harm an innocent

(cont'd)
man, for any reason?

SMECKER
Oh no. These are men of principle. They would never do that.

The priest starts to show signs of anger as he starts turning to Rocco.

SMECKER
Well, the two Irish guys, the ring leaders, they wouldn't. But the Italian guy, he might. He's kind of a retard.

Fear returns to the priest's face. Rocco presses the gun hard to the priest's head and jostles him.

ROCCO (whispers to priest)
Goddam right, I am.

SMECKER
Wow. This is mind blowing. I'm beginning to see. I've been doing my job...well for fifteen years and it's just not enough. All the things I wish I could do, these guys are doing. Millions of dollars in tax payers money wasted on shit like wire taps and survailence, manpower. These boys go in and take care of it for the price of a bullet. (looks up) W- What exactly do you think I should do? Because I'm a law man.

Rocco jostles the priest again.

PRIEST (terrified)
The laws of God are higher than the laws of man.

SMECKER (the clouds have lifted)
Yes! Yes! I was thinking that, too. No. I was *feeling* it. All I needed was to hear you say it! Yes! Amen! I'll help them.

PRIEST (whispers)
Forgive me father.

SMECKER
Thank you, Father, thank you. (he attempts the sign of the cross

but screws it up) Whatever. Goodbye, amen.

Smecker exits and they all let go after a brief pause. Rocco turns and starts fixing up the priests ruffled suit.

ROCCO
I wouldn't have, uh, killed you, Father. I was just, y'know. (signs cross) Dominus Ominus. Remember, you're bound. You can't talk about this..to anyone.

PRIEST
Just go!

(162) INT. CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Rocco exits the booth and shuts the door behind him. Connor is standing outside, hands on his hips. Rocco smiles at him as Connor fumes.

ROCCO (giggling)
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Connor slaps him in the back of the head and kicks him in the ass. Rocco's still giggling as they exit. Murphy comes up from behind.

MURPHY
What the fuck happened?

(163) INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

SMECKER (in an up town phone booth)
That's as much of a description as you can give me?

CONNOR (in a phone booth down town)
Well, the light caught the side of his face for a second. And it looked like he had gray facial hair, maybe..late fifties, early sixties.

SMECKER
So your telling me it was, in fact, one guy with six guns? a-and he was a goddamn senior fucking citizen.

CONNOR
Aye. Never seen anything like it. I think it's better if we find this man before he finds us again.

SMECKER
I'll see what I can do. What is your immediate plan?

CONNOR
We're going to hit Poppa Joe tonight, right in the comfort of his own home. Then we move on to New York. It's getting a bit hot for us here.

SMECKER
Be careful. And how do I get in touch with you?

CONNOR
Ya don't. I'll call you tonight, afterwards. (hangs up)

(164) INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

Smecker and Augustus are standing, looking at one another, just like Yakavetta and he were.

SMECKER
Who is he, Gus?

AUGUSTUS
I don't know. Nobody does.

Smecker tosses an envelope of cash in his plate, just as Yakavetta did.

SMECKER
What did he bring him in for?

AUGUSTUS
Needed an outsider for the package boy. Kid knows everyone. He'll spot our hitters a mile away.

SMECKER
Just him?

AUGUSTUS
Well he's the one shooting up all his guys, right? He's scared of the kid. Says he's real good and he must be too 'cause he's got every available gun in the city up there.

SMECKER
Up where?

AUGUSTUS
His house. I don't know exactly what's going on but I know it's gotta have something to do with this kid.

SMECKER
Oh fuck! (runs out)

(165) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

There are several bodies in the hall, some with pennies in their eyes, some without. Down the dark basement halls there is more gore. The boys and Rocco can be heard screaming from a room in the basement. Yakavetta's voice is heard yelling and in command.

(166) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco are all hand cuffed to chairs in the seated position. Their clothes are ripped and they have been beaten severely. Blood covers them. Rocco has been uncuffed and two men hold his open hand up as Yakavetta puts a pistol at the base of his remaining pinky finger. Several others hold him down as he and the boys scream in tough protest.

YAKAVETTA (yelling)
You gonna tell me what's going on here! Huh! Yo, little fuck! Gimme some answers!

They all yell for him to fuck off. Although Rocco is terrified, he is holding out. Yakavetta fires and Rocco's finger is gone. The Blood splatters on Connor's face. Rocco screams in pain saying "Fuck you" through his sobs. After re-cuffing Rocco, Yakavetta and his goons exit.

(167) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

Yakavetta is in the hall with five men. GENO is in his mid-thirties, very tall and big. CHAPPY is in his early twenties, and wears sunglasses even in the dark, trying to look cool. JUMBO JOHNNY, mid-thirties and is very short and fat. WILEY, in his mid-twenties, is tall and thin, and innocent looking. HOJO, in his late twenties, is slick and good-looking.

YAKAVETTA
What do you guys think?

GENO
These guys are tough. No way they're gonna talk.

HOJO
I known Rocco for a couple years. He ain't smart enough for this shit. These other guys must be the brains of the outfit. He's just a player.

YAKAVETTA (pulls his pistol)
Then there's only one way to get them to talk.

(168) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

He walks back into the room. He saunters up to Rocco very nonchalantly and shoots him in the chest. His chair is blown back to the floor. The boys are screaming and crying as Yakavetta walks out.

ROCCO (struggles to talk)
You guys?

CONNOR (crying)
We're here brother.

ROCCO
You guys gotta keep going, understand.

MURPHY (sobbing)
We'll keep going, Roc.

ROCCO
You'll make it outta here. And when you do, you can't ever stop, not ever. Your saints, man. The both of you. Just do me a favor....

CONNOR (sobbing)
Anything Roc.

ROCCO
Get that cocksucker first.

MURPHY
Consider it done...my friend.

As Rocco dies, they fall into prayer.

(169) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

Yakavetta lights up a tobacco pipe and talks to his men.

YAKAVETTA
Who called off Darkman?

JUMBO JOHNNY
Once you set him in motion, you can't call him off. He thinks it's still on.

Yakavetta stops as if terrified with a thought.

YAKAVETTA
Does he know where I live?

JUMBO JOHNNY
No. I mean I don't think so.

YAKAVETTA (points to Wiley)
Bring the fucking car around, now.
(He scampers off)

(170) INT. YAKAVETTA'S FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

HOJO
What? I don't get it.

YAKAVETTA
Hey, I don't have my name spray painted on the front of this house. There are no big pictures of me anywhere. If this guy thinks the job is still a go then I got green money says he's on his way here, if the mother fucker ain't out in the bushes already. I'm fucking gone! I'm leaving you guys here to deal with this.

The five guys are left alone. They all look far from confident except Geno.

GENO
What's the big deal. One guy, so what.

HOJO
Since you feel that way, why don't you take the front.(points) You guys cover those other exits and if you see him, don't try and flag him down, just kill the mother fucker. I'm going back down to work on these pricks.

(171) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy has scootched his chair over in front of Connor's. He has his back to Connor. He stretches his neck over and bites at the T-shirt on his own shoulder. He gathers as much of the his T-shirt

into his mouth as he can. He starts to yell "Do it!" but it is muffled.

Connor, still sobbing, begins to kick his brothers left hand repeatedly. He turns it into a bloody piece of broken meat as Murphy screams through the shirt. Finally, it is broken enough and Murphy pulls it through the cuff.

He stands and breaks the chair into pieces and grabs the sharpest piece. Hojo enters and Murphy shoves the sharp stick up through the bottom of his chin into his head. He drags him around the room yelling mumbo jumbo into his face as Connor jumps up and down in his chair in rage, wanting a piece of the action.

Murphy throws the man down and Connor proceeds to viciously kick his dead body. The two have turned into barbarians. Murphy removes the man's two guns, shiny nickel-plated 45's.

(172) INT. YAKAVETTA'S FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

There is a knock at the door. Geno jumps with fright and then looks out the peep hole. He sees a well-formed pair of woman's breasts in a cheap dress. He opens the door. A stunning blonde stands before him. She looks like a hooker. She wears a short, hot pink dress and a white scarf around her neck, as well as six inch platform heels.

GENO
Hey, baby. What's up?(looking around cautiously)

SMECKER AS WOMAN
Joey Bevo sent me over. As, uh... entertainment.

The woman speaks and it is apparent that this is actually Smecker in drag.

GENO
Listen baby. Tonight ain't the night for this shit. It's all hitting the fan here. (beat) Bevo's so great. Always sending us hot girls.

SMECKER
Maybe just a quickie, huh? You look like you could use it.

GENO
Got that right.

Smecker kisses him full on the lips and rubs up against him. Geno is convinced. He brings her inside.

GENO
Hey, Chappy, Chappy!

CHAPPY
(Chappy, emerges way down the hall)
What the fuck?

GENO
Cut me some slack. I ain't been laid in a week. Take five minutes.

CHAPPY
If I die cause you were getting a piece of ass, I'll come back from the dead and beat you to death with a big rubber dick.

GENO
Don't worry about it.

(173) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He takes Smecker into a small room adjoining the foyer. They are instantly in the throws of passion. They grope each other and Smecker cleverly avoids any contact with his crotch. Smecker lies down on the floor and starts to wiggle and seductively touch himself. Geno stands over him, straddling Smecker's hips as he undoes his pants. Suddenly, Smecker grabs both of the Geno's ankles and has him locked in position. He repeatedly kicks Geno in the balls from his lying position on the floor.

The guy falls on his back unconscious. Smecker pulls a silenced 9 mm. from his purse and shoots him in the head. Smecker's face changes, growing even more psychotic. He pulls off his wig to reveal slicked back hair and a now, obscenely made up face.

(174) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

He starts to whisper "It's on, now. It's on, now. Too far" as he walks, now like a man down the hall, striding in his high heels. He thoughtlessly blows Chappy and Wiley away as he passes their positions and runs down a long hallway, desperate to find the boys. Suddenly, a dark flurry of movement behind him is seen.

Darkman pulls two pistols and cracks them down on Smecker's head. He is down and out. Darkman proceeds toward the end of the long hallway. Jumbo Johnny is seated on a stool with his back to everything, just past the hallway's end and to the right. He leans over to his left to get a pack of cigarettes out of his right pocket. The back of his head is now revealed in the hallway. Darkman grabs him by his hair and with a silenced "pop," puts one round into the back of his head.

(175) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

Darkman silently but quickly moves through the dark shadows, his two guns in front of him. He hears a noise like low talking and follows it. He appears in the hall, in front of the open door, to the room where the boy's and Rocco are contained.

(176) INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Connor and Murphy are on their knees in front of Rocco, whom they have sat back up in the chair. They are gently placing pennies in his eyes and sobbing as they begin to recite the prayer. As they speak, Darkman watches. He then begins to whisper the prayer right along with them. Their words match up perfectly. He leans against the wall, holsters his guns, and withdraws a cigarette.

He rolls it along his tongue and twists it into his lips. The boys are still reciting as he strikes a match. They react instantly. Still kneeling they each point a nickel-plated 45 toward Darkman. They turn in time to see the light from the match illuminate his face. Darkman pauses then he strides into the room and proceeds to recite the last half of the prayer.

He stops between the kneeling boys and finishes off the Latin. The boys are stunned as they realize this is their father. He makes the sign the cross over Rocco. Then he looks down to the upturned faces of his sons. He places a hand on each of their cheeks.

(177) INT. CHEAP BOSTON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - "3 MONTHS LATER"

The Father and sons sit at a round table. They are very comfortable with each other. The boys get up and hug their father goodnight. They each go to a bed and begin sleeping. Dad smokes as he looks out the window.

(178) INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Connor and Murphy each stand at opposite ends of a long hallway. The Father stands in the middle of the hall a hundred feet away from each of his sons. Cells full of screaming cons are on both sides. The boys reach with both hands for the guns in their shoulder holsters. They pull out their guns and pose in a manner resembling Christ nailed to the Cross.

(179) INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Both sleeping boys throw their arms out, mimicking the same position. Their father turns and watches.

(180) INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT
The brothers begin to walk toward each other firing with right and left hands into each cell. Men die as the brothers approach their

father. The boys eyes fill with fear and psychoses, yet they continue to fire. The cons in the last few cells have barricaded themselves in, by throwing the contents of their rooms against the bars.

The father shoots the locks in and the three enter, tearing through the blockades. Connor and Murphy scream and cry as they reach over the walls of refuse continuing to assassinate. They wail like terrified animals. They, hands drenched in blood, rejoin their father in the hall. The blood remains though they try to get it off. Where the father steps the blood on the floor retracts. He is not affected. Rocco appears at the end of the hall, arms outstretched like Christ, crucified.

ROCCO (Full of Wrath)
What is this?... What is this? What differs here?...Number. That is the only thing. The Saints shall live only by one device... ***All*** that shed the blood of man, shall so too have their blood shed by man.

(181) INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The boys wake with a start. Connor looks to his father, who is already staring at him.

CONNOR (Scared)
How far are we going with this, da?

FATHER
The question is not "how far?" It is "Do you possess the constitution, the depth of faith to go as far as needed?"

(182) INT. PARKED SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Smecker looks through the eyehole of a video camera.

(183) INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An OLD "MATLOCK"-LOOKING MAN with a perfectly neat head of gray hair is sitting having coffee with two mafiosos in a cafe. He receives an envelope full of money and exits.

(184) INT. PARKED SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Smecker pulls out the video tape and throws it to the back of the van. Connor catches it and hands it to his father who is seated between him and Murphy.

(185) EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Many media people and camera men are sitting, rather bored outside, having coffee and eating lunch. Two cars smash together with ear piercing intensity and they all stand and watch. The drivers get out and begin a fist fight. Walker and Greenly are the drivers. As all attention is diverted, Smecker and the three MacManuses slip in the court house front door, unnoticed.

(186) INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Smecker walks to a bullet-proof booth where a security guard sleeps, directly in front of the walk-through metal detector. The three MacManuses are out of sight. Smecker slams his open I.D. to the glass as the guard awakens with a start.

SMECKER (pointing at him)
Get me your fucking supervisor, now!

GUARD
Shit! (he turns and exits the booth)

The MacManuses walk through the metal detector in single file. Connor is first. He throws his guns over the top, walks through and catches them on the other side. Each man does the same thing. They quickly conceal their weapons and walk on.

(187) INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

The media, with their cameras and notebooks, are at the back of the courtroom. Yakavetta is testifying on the stand and seems rather cocky about it. The judge, the "Matlock"-looking man with a perfectly neat head of gray hair, warns Yakavetta that he will have no more of this behavior in his courtroom.

MEDIA MAN 1 (whispering to #2)
Look at the charisma in this guy.
He's the next John Gotti.

MEDIA MAN 2
Yep. He'll walk. Even with all this evidence.

MEDIA MAN 1
Have you noticed the separation here. (points to the left and right sections of courtroom seating) All Yakavetta's people are on the right. Family, friends everyone. All the families of the men he has had killed are on the left. They all want some justice.

MEDIA MAN 2
Well, I don't think today's the day. Look at him. He doesn't have a care in the world. He's gonna walk.

(188) INT. FOYER TO COURTROOM - DAY

The MacManuses stand in the foyer. There are a pair of doors that go to the outside hallway and a pair that go to the inside courtroom. There are three armed guards: two directly inside the courtroom, in front of the doors and one across the courtroom facing them.

The door opens a crack and Connor waves the guards into the foyer and starts talking to them. The third guard sees this and turns away for a moment. When he looks again through the little windows in the doors he sees absolutely nothing. He strides over and goes into the foyer. The guards are on the floor, incapacitated and drooling as the boys handcuff them.

The father zaps the third guard with the stun gun. They handcuff him to the other two guards. Connor pulls out a length of chain and drapes it through the door handles that lead from the hall into the foyer. He locks them in with a padlock.

FATHER
(holding up a stun gun, Irish accent)
How long do these put a man down for?

MURPHY
Ten minutes.

The father zaps each incapacitated man a second time as they lay.

FATHER
Twenty is a bit better.

They all chuckle as they suit up, Connor and Murphy in their usual masks and gloves, Dad in his usual dark hat and glasses.

(189) INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE
"Due to the lack of hard evidence....."

The three burst in, guns drawn, and are walking down the aisle.

FATHER
All media to the back! Drop the cameras! Drop 'em!

Terrified, they all obey. Connor and Murphy pull Yakavetta from

the witness booth by his hair and place him on his knees just before the judge's bench. They face him toward the occupants of the courtroom. The father walks up and motions for the judge, who is now banging his gavel and shouting in protest, to come off the stand.

As soon as he is within arm's reach, dad takes him by the collar and kicks him down the aisle all the way to where the media stands in horror. He steps over the judge and says "Don't think we forgot about you." He takes media man 2 and puts the video in his trembling hands. He turns and walks back down the aisle.

FATHER (loudly)
You people have been chosen to reveal our existence to the world. You will witness what happens here today and you will tell of it afterwards. All eyes to the front.

YAKAVETTA (looking to his comrades)
Fuckin' do something!

The father keeps them covered. He passes the front, he looks and sees a VIRGINAL-LOOKING WOMAN with her head down crying into her hands. She is on the left side. He gently tilts her chin forward, her eyes fixated on a faded blue butterfly tattoo on the back of his hand.

FATHER (whispers)
You must watch dear. It'll all be over soon. (she obeys)

The father takes a shot of whiskey from a flask. He pours the rest on the judges bench and sets it ablaze. Fire alarms start to sound. Connor and Murphy jump up on the lawyers tables. Murphy on the prosecution side, Connor on the defense. The father has his gun to the back of Yakavetta's head.

CONNOR (yelling over the alarm)
Now, you will receive us.

MURPHY (yelling over the alarm)
We do not ask for your poor or your hungry.

CONNOR
We do not want your tired and sick.

MURPHY
It is your corrupt that we claim.

CONNOR
It is your evil, who will be sought by us.

MURPHY
And from this day forward with every breath we shall hunt them down.

CONNOR
With each day we will spill their blood 'till it rains down from the skies.

MURPHY
Do not kill, do not rape, do not steal. These are principles which every man of every faith that walks this earth can embrace.

CONNOR
These are not polite suggestions. They are codes of behavior and those that ignore them will pay the dearest cost. (points to Yakavetta)

MURPHY
There are varying degrees of evil. Nothing is absolute. We urge you lesser forms of filth (pointing to Yakavetta's people) to not push the bounds and cross over into true corruption...into our domaine.

CONNOR
For if you do, there will come the day when you look behind you and see we three. And on that day you will wreep it.

MURPHY
And we will send you to whatever God you wish.

Connor and Murphy jump off the table. They appraoach Yakavetta and stand on either side of their father. All three men hold guns to his head and recite the prayer. As they speak, the right side of the courtroom screams in protest. The left watches in wide-eyed terror, although some men encourage them to do it. The prayer does not falter as the flames rage behind them.

ALL THREE
And shepards we shall be.
For thee, my Lord, for thee.
By the twitching of our fingers

To sew the stitch that ever lingers.
In this way thou hast blessed us so,
Thou hast brought us both high and low.
Power hath descended forth from thy hand
That our feet may swiftly carry out thy command.
So we shall flow a river forth to thee.
And teaming with souls shall it ever be.
(last two lines repeated in Latin)
e nomini patri, et spiritu sancti, Amen.

Yakavetta, accepting his fate, closes his eyes. Peacefully, he does the sign of the cross. They all fire at once. The room explodes in confusion. Some people vomit. Some pass out. The boys and the father exit at the back of the courtroom.

(190) INT. LONG CEMENT HALLWAY - SUBLEVEL OF COURTHOUSE

The MacManuses are all shackled and in blue jumpsuits of the Boston lock-up facility. Duffy is in full uniform with a shotgun behind them. Smecker is leading the "prisoners" down the hall. He flashes his F.B.I. identification to every cop he encounters. They exit the back.

(Slo-mo) They are loaded into a paddywagon. Dolly is driving. They sit and the van starts to move. Smecker tosses a key to them and they undo their restraints. The father climbs up front and takes the passenger sea+

(191) EXT. COURT HOUSE FRONT STEPS - DAY

The media is in a frenzy. Little bits of the story are known. The people from the left and right sides of the courtroom are yelling and pushing each other as cameras and microphones try to pick up the news. Finally all the focus comes to the virginal woman who had been sitting in the front row. All lights, cameras and microphones are on her.

REPORTER (V.O.)
What did you think of what happened in there?

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)
Yes! Were you in the courtroom miss? Did you see?

WOMAN (frail)
Yes. I was there.

REPORTER (V.O.)
How do you feel about what they did?

(Slo-mo) She sees in the distance, the paddywagon passing the

front of the courthouse. The fathers tattood hand rests on the door frame. She knows.

WOMAN
We all know what is right and wrong. We all know. Nobody needed to be convinced of what he was....I'm going home now to have my first restfull nights sleep.

The people who had been on Yakavetta's side of the courtroom threaten her and force their way through the crowd toward her, thus causing the two sides to fight. Everyone, even reporters are in it. The camera tilts up ending the statue of the Blind Lady of Justice. Fade out.